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M. A. Herbert

ARUNDEL,

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

SIR FRANCIS VINCENT, BART.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1840.

476

LONDON :

BLATCH AND LAMPERT, PRINTERS, GROVE PLACE, BROMPTON.

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ARUNDEL.

CHAPTER I.

“COME now, Arundel, I wish you would be a good fellow for once, and accompany me to Havant's; you know I must go, and I should be sorry not to see as much of you as I can, on the last night of my stay here.”

It was early in the month of June, in the year 1789, that the speaker, Charles Hammond, and his friend Henry Arundel, were sitting together in the rooms of the latter, at — College, Cambridge, of which they were both members. Hammond had just taken his degree, and was to leave college the next day; while Arundel had to remain another six months before he coul^d

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obtain the same distinction. Living in the same part of England, Northumberland, being nearly of the same age, and having entered the University at a short distance of time one from the other, an acquaintance, formed in boyhood, had speedily ripened into warm friendship, although nothing could be more dissimilar than their dispositions or prospects.

Hammond, the son of one of the wealthiest Baronets in England, had been brought up in the midst of every luxury, and was accustomed to see every wish gratified as soon as formed; while his cheerful humour, and general desire to oblige, made him a favourite with every one who knew him. It is true that this last quality might seem, to a close observer, to proceed from an easiness of character, which made it almost impossible for him to say *no* to any application made to his benevolence, or to refuse a promise of assistance to any one who asked it of him; and he had more than once found himself placed in the awkward dilemma of being accused of deception, by persons to whom he had promised more than he could perform, but whom he had felt unwilling, in the first instance, to mortify by a positive refusal. But such accidents were rare; and when they did occur, he was sure

to find no lack of defenders, who only looked to his motives, and professed to feel no doubt that he would grow wiser as he grew older. In point of fact, he was not a person any one could be long angry with ; and the consequence was, that with abilities of no common order, the best dispositions, and every worldly advantage, he stood a fair chance of making a very useless member of society.

Arundel was the representative of one of the most ancient and distinguished families in the North of England, but the fortunes of his house had not kept pace with their deserts. The vast estates they had once possessed, had been gradually diminishing through many generations, till at length the enormous accumulation of debt which weighed upon what still remained of the property, had induced the father of Henry Arundel to sell it, with the exception of one detached farm, worth about £300 a year, to which he retired with his wife and two children—Henry Arundel, and a daughter. Here he endeavoured to forget the ancient fortunes of his family, in agricultural pursuits and the education of his son; whom he intended to bring up as the son of a wealthy yeoman, and in complete disregard of the pristine celebrity of his ancestors, being con-

vinced that the greatest bar to our happiness is the wish to appear superior to that rank in life in which circumstances of birth or fortune have placed us. Mr. Arundel felt that he had still enough left to live happily, if contentedly; and he was determined that, for many years at least, his son should remain in ignorance of those circumstances which might produce regret and discontent with his present lot. His wife did not submit to this decision, without many attempts to shake it. She felt confident that Henry was destined to be the restorer of the family; and she argued that it would be depriving him of all incentive, it would not be giving him a fair chance, unless he was early made acquainted with the glories and splendour of the house of which she had settled in her own mind he was to be the second founder. It seemed therefore rather doubtful whether Mr. Arundel would have been able to carry his wishes into effect; but a violent cold, of which he died after an illness of three days, speedily resolved the question, and left Mrs. Arundel at full liberty to follow her own views on the subject. At first, she seemed inclined to respect the known wishes of her husband; but when she looked on the fine intelligent countenance of her boy, who was now

ten years old, or turned her complacent looks on the infantine beauty and silken locks of his sister, who was three years younger, she felt all her resolutions of moderation die away and give place to those ambitious prospects of future honours and wealth, in which mothers are so wont to indulge. Still, she determined, for the present at least, to preserve silence on the subject; and it was only when a sum of £8000 was left her unexpectedly by a distant relation, that she made up her mind to inform her son of his family history, and devote the proceeds of the recent legacy to giving him the best education the kingdom could afford, by way of facilitating his entrance into some honourable profession. Accordingly, on the day he completed his thirteenth year, his mother, in a long conversation, gave him a concise history of his family, beginning a few years previous to the conquest, and detailing its rise, decline, and fall, with the greatest accuracy, through each succeeding reign, to the present period; she then expatiated upon the various obligations which devolved upon the descendant of such a long line of heroes, and concluded by saying,

“Upon you, my dear Henry, and your future conduct it depends whether the Arundels are to

be restored to their place amongst the nobles of the land, or to be consigned to oblivion for ever."

There were few boys upon whom such an appeal was likely to produce so much effect as upon Henry Arundel. His ardent and proud mind was well aided by an active, vigorous frame, and a strong constitution. The early education he had received from his father, was such as became one whose existence was to depend as much upon physical qualities as moral endowments; and accustomed to do everything for himself, he felt, even at his early age, entirely independent of others, and confident in his own resources. As he grew up, this confidence in himself degenerated into something like contempt for the rest of the world, and a dogged adherence to his own opinions. Fortunately, his natural good sense in a great measure averted the dangers to which otherwise an inexperienced young man of this character would have been exposed at his first entrance into life; and as he considered himself consecrated to one special purpose, the restoration of his family, he early laid it down as a rule, to take no important step, without in the first instance considering whether it would be detrimental to that sole object of his ambition.

In consequence of the resolution taken by Mrs. Arundel to give her son an education befitting his birth, he was, soon after the disclosure she had made him, sent through the various gradations of a private school and Eton, to Cambridge, where, as has been already stated, he was entered at ——— college. In the prosecution of her darling project, his mother had stopped at no personal sacrifices, and furnished him with a liberal allowance, that he might be enabled to keep the same society that his forefathers had done; but Arundel soon found out, that it was not necessary to run into extravagance in order to secure friendship—at least that of those with whom he wished to be intimate, and they were very few. He was aware that his mother and sister were deprived of many little luxuries of life to furnish forth his appointments; and he at once determined to live upon half his allowance, and devote the remainder of it to the education of his sister, of whom he was passionately fond. This he carried into effect; and soon found that the grateful affection of his family, and the esteem of his friends, amply indemnified him for any sacrifices he might have made in so doing. He continued his studies at Cambridge with credit to himself; and although

he had not a large personal acquaintance amongst his fellow students, he was tolerably popular with those whose society he frequented, though occasionally voted very odd. His most intimate friend was Hammond, with whom he had been in the same house at Eton, and who was his nearest neighbour in the country.

Since Mr. Arundel's death, his widow had endeavoured to emerge from the complete solitude in which they had till then lived; and no sooner was this desire publicly known, than all those with whom the Arundels had formerly lived on terms of friendship and equality, evinced an anxious wish to renew their connexion with them, and shew them every attention in their power. In this way had Arundel very often passed weeks together, during the holidays, at Sir John Hammond's, who appeared desirous of cementing the friendship which existed between the two young men, and who probably felt that a friend of Arundel's steadiness of character would be invaluable to one so liable to be blown about by every breath of fancy as his son. With this view it was, that he allowed Charles to be nearly as much at Rosedale, the name of Mrs. Arundel's cottage, as at his own house.

I have thus endeavoured to give an insight into the characters of the two young men who have

been introduced to the reader, and will now proceed with the conversation with which the chapter opened.

“Come now, Arundel,” said his friend; “I wish you would be a good fellow for once, and accompany me to Havant’s; you know I must go, and I should be sorry not to see as much of you as I can on the last night of my stay here.”

“You know why I will not go,” replied Arundel; “Havant is probably by this time half drunk, and as I neither wish to imitate him, nor to quarrel with him, one of which is inevitable, I shall stay at home; and I recommend you to do the same, seeing that you must be on the coach at five o’clock to-morrow morning; and there is no necessity, that I am aware of, for your taking leave of a man you know little of and care for still less.”

“Why, as to that, I promised to look in for a minute; and there is always something going on at his rooms—singing and so forth, and I should like to see the old set once more; so if you positively will not come, I will just go for a short time, and be back here to have an hour or two’s talk with you, before we go to bed; so *sans adieu*,” and so saying, Hammond took his cap and gown, and sallied forth to Lord Havant’s,

with the intention of a speedy return. Arundel continued reading till past twelve o'clock, and then went to bed, feeling sorry that he should not have an opportunity of seeing his friend again for some months; and perhaps a little picqued that a drinking party had sufficient charms to make him forget an old friend; however, be that as it may, he went to sleep without troubling his head more on the subject, and was not a little surprised, at ten o'clock the next day, to see Hammond make his appearance, and ask him for some breakfast. Arundel expressed his astonishment at his being still in Cambridge, and immediately gave orders for preparing what he required; but seeing that his friend, instead of answering him, preserved a moody silence, he quietly went on with what he was about, till the fit should leave him. At last he began.

"I wish to God I had not left you last night for Havant's, where I got drunk, and made a fool of myself."

"Nothing more probable;" was Arundel's quaint observation upon this promising exordium.

"Yes; but this is serious, and I am come to you to ask your advice, or rather assistance. When I got there, I found them, as you said they would be, half drunk; and as nothing is so

disagreeable as to be the only sober man in company, I made all the play I could to come up with them, and at last succeeded. Price, who had come over from Newmarket, was there, as the devil would have it, and not the most sober of the set. He began attacking me in his usual bullying way; and at last, being quite out of patience, I told him to keep his insolence for those who would put up with it, for that I would stand it no longer. To this he only replied that schoolboys were very apt to make use of expressions they did not know the value of, and advised me to study Johnson's dictionary before I mixed with society, if I valued my safety. At this sneer I grew quite outrageous, and calling him an insolent puppy, asked him if he knew the value of that. He then changed his manner, and saying I should find whether he understood it or not in the morning, left the room, notwithstanding all the endeavours of Havant and the others to prevent it. You see my intended departure this morning was quite put a stop to; and half-an-hour ago, Havant called on me, with a message from Mr. Price, requiring an apology or satisfaction. The first you must acknowledge is quite out of the question; and to tell you the truth, I shall not be sorry to shew

the gentleman that we are not the schoolboys he takes us for. Now what I want you to do, is to see Havant, and make the necessary arrangements."

Arundel remained silent for some minutes, so much was he astonished at the statement he had just heard, and terrified at the possible consequences of this unfortunate dispute. Mr. Price was a gentleman of considerable property, near Newmarket, well known in the world, and considered a remarkably good shot. It was impossible, under these circumstances, for a person in Hammond's situation, just about to be launched into society, to make an apology for the insult he had offered him, provoked as it had been by Mr. Price's impertinence. A duel therefore was unavoidable; but if any thing should happen to his friend, or indeed to his antagonist—he to whom Sir John had in a manner trusted for his son's welfare, to be his second in a duel, perhaps a party to his death, or his accomplice in a homicide; for though fully aware that the meeting now was inevitable, he knew equally well that in case of a fatal result, the blame would probably fall on him alone. On the other side, he saw the possibility of his own hopes in life being at once destroyed.

Duelling was the most grievous offence a student at the university could be guilty of; and were it known, immediate expulsion would be the inevitable consequence. However, he did not hesitate a moment; he felt that if he refused to be Hammond's second, he would be compelled to put the business into the hands of some one who might be less anxious to bring matters to a peaceful termination: for he was not without a faint hope that Mr. Price might be induced to make some concession, which might pave the way for an apology on Hammond's part.

When at length he broke silence, he said, "This is indeed a bad business; but there is no help for it now, and I will therefore call at once on Havant, and make arrangements for your meeting as soon as possible, for these matters cannot be too quickly settled."

"Certainly," replied his friend; "and I must go home as soon as possible; for my father expects me to-morrow night, and will be uneasy at my delay: so pray lose no time. Havant said he would stay at home till the afternoon; you are sure, therefore, to find him, and I will remain here till you come back."

Arundel found Lord Havant at his lodgings, and Mr. Price with him. "Ah, Arundel!"

cried his lordship; "I see Hammond has lost no time, and I hope you have persuaded him to apologize for his ill temper."

"That you must be aware is quite impossible," replied Arundel; "I am only come to settle the place and hour of meeting; unless, indeed, Mr. Price will—"

"Me!" exclaimed Price; "why, did you ever hear of a man apologizing for being called an impertinent puppy?—that would be rather too good a joke."

"Why, certainly," said Arundel, half smiling; "the expression was not a very courteous one; but you should also recollect the provocation you gave."

"Not more than I have given fifty times before, and no notice ever taken of it," replied Price.

"Hammond says he warned you to desist—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," said Price; "but if we talk for two hours the matter will only stand thus—Mr. Hammond has insulted me, I ask him to apologise or fight; he refuses to do the first, so he must do the second. The best thing we can do, therefore, is to settle the preliminaries."

This was soon done, and Arundel, with a

heavy heart, took his way homewards, not a little discomposed at the temper with which Mr. Price seemed animated.

“Well!” cried Hammond, as the door opened, “when is it to be?”

“Tomorrow morning, at five o’clock; we are to meet at the second mile-stone on the London road, and take the first convenient spot we find.”

“Very well; I shall now go home and make some little arrangements, and you must give me a sober quiet dinner at six.”

After their dinner was despatched, which was as silent and gloomy a one as can be well imagined, Hammond, who was by far the most cheerful of the two, endeavoured to open a conversation by some well founded and judicious remarks on the weather. Finding that this elicited no answer, he said, after a few minutes’ silence, “Arundel, I have written two letters, which I must beg you to take charge of; one is to my father, and I have endeavoured to shield you from the possibility of misconstruction on account of my folly. I have detailed to him the whole affair, and am sure he will feel as I do, nothing but gratitude for the part you have borne in it. Believe me, I never felt the full value of your friendship till now, and what has

most weighed upon me has been the chance of your suffering in consequence of my folly. The other letter you will deliver in person; in fact, I should not, under other circumstances, have mentioned it to you, but now you must know all. Do you not guess to whom the other letter is addressed?"

"No, indeed; some woman, I suppose; but I am in no humour to guess; so if you mean me to know, you must speak out."

"Try—you will not?—well, did it never occur to you, we might some day or other be connected by some yet nearer tie than that of friendship?"

"Good God! Hammond; what do you mean—my sister?"

"Even so."

Arundel's blood flew to his very temples, while he endeavoured to say, as calmly as possible,—

"May I ask why I was not judged worthy of this confidence before?—but no, you did me justice; you knew I should instantly have stopped an intercourse, which can only end in misery to one of the parties at least, and that, the one I am bound to protect. Hammond, you have deceived me—cruelly deceived me; little did I think it would be through you I should see my

poor Ellen's happiness and peace of mind destroyed. However, it is now at an end: to-morrow I shall take care—oh, God! Hammond, you have acted cruelly;—poor, poor Ellen!” and he dropped his head upon his hand, and sobbed violently; for his feelings, which had been over-excited all day, could no longer be restrained.

There was something almost ludicrous in the amazement with which Hammond witnessed this burst of passion; he had anticipated something so different; and now to be accused of deceit and cruelty, where he had expected nothing but joyful congratulation, took him quite aback. At length he recovered the use of his speech, and in a trembling tone of voice, he asked what was the matter.

“Answer me one question,” said Arundel, who had recovered his composure in a great measure; “are you engaged?”

“Why, no—yes;—that is, I have engaged to ask my father's consent, as soon as I leave college.”

“Well,” said Arundel; “you have not acted candidly by me, and I think I may claim of you this much, that you will not mention it to your father till I have seen Ellen; and farther, that

you will not seek to see her or to correspond with her, till my return to the north. Do you promise me this ? ”

“ Yes, I do,” replied Hammond ; “ with the exception of this letter, if it should be necessary ; or, if not, you will undertake to tell her, why I do not go to see her on my arrival, as she will expect.” This Arundel agreed to ; “ And now,” said Hammond, “ have the goodness to tell me why you say I have deceived you, and acted cruelly. I am sure I did not say anything half so bad to Price.”

“ I was wrong,” replied Arundel, in a more friendly tone ; “ I should have said thoughtlessly. Do you think your father will ever consent to your marrying a girl without a farthing ? ”

“ To be sure he will ; an Arundel too, one of the best families in England. Besides, you know I get my grandfather’s property when I come of age, which is next year ; and the family estate is entailed on me.”

“ Stop,” cried Arundel ; “ recollect, that without your father’s consent, you will never have mine, nor my mother’s—that I can answer for ; and without it Ellen, I am sure, will never marry you.”

“ Are you in earnest ? ”

“Quite so;—and now you had better go to bed. I will take care to call you in time.”

“Well, say you are not angry or annoyed.”

“I am not angry, certainly, and hope for the best; so good night, and sleep well.”

Hammond went to bed, and was soon asleep. Not so Arundel; the conversation he had just had, was not of a nature to sooth the agitation of his mind; even if the events of the next day were to end favourably, he foresaw an endless source of anxiety in Sir John Hammond's opposition to his son's wishes; and should the result of the duel be fatal, which might very easily happen, he could look forward to nothing but ruin to himself, and misery to all those connected with him.

In such reflections as these the night passed away, and the day began to break before he had thought of taking any repose. An involuntary shudder came across him as he perceived the first rays of light breaking through his shutters. He proceeded to change his dress, and then went to awaken Hammond. He was soon ready. In a few minutes they had left the college, and were on their way to the appointed spot.

No man, I believe, ever went for the first time to a meeting of this nature without some inward tremors; but whatever his feelings might be,

Hammond preserved a cheerful and steady countenance, and endeavoured, but in vain, to raise the spirits of his friend. They soon came up to the place appointed for the rendezvous; where in a few minutes they were joined by Lord Havant, who had come by another path. He informed them that Mr. Price was waiting with the pistols in a field, about two hundred paces distant, which seemed every way suited to their purpose. Thither they went together, and after an ineffectual attempt on the part of the seconds to arrange matters amicably, they proceeded to measure the ground. In one corner of the field they perceived, to their annoyance, a labourer just beginning to plough; but as they had no time to lose, for fear of interruption, Arundel went up to him, and begged him to keep out of the way. This he at first refused, with that surliness which appears to characterise the lower classes near Cambridge in their intercourse with the gentry; but when he understood the object of the meeting, and the possibility of his falling a victim to the awkwardness of the combatants, he exhibited considerable alacrity in removing himself to a place of safety.

The two antagonists now took their ground; and at a signal given by Lord Havant, they fired to-

gether, and both without effect. To Arundel's very agreeable surprise, Mr. Price came forward, and offering his hand to Hammond, said, "I have no hesitation now in saying that I am sorry that any remark of mine should have occasioned you any annoyance; and I hope you will admit that I do not deserve the terms you applied to me." To this Hammond replied that they were used in the irritation of the moment, and after Mr. Price's handsome explanation, he could feel no hesitation in withdrawing them, and expressing his regret at having made use of them. "And now, then," said Price, "I hope we are all friends, and shall remain so. I saw you thought me very dry in my remarks yesterday, Mr. Arundel, and little disposed to be conciliatory; but I could never have shown in Cambridge again, if I had let you have your own way; though God knows no one would have regretted it more than myself had any accident happened to your friend. But all's well that ends well—so good bye;" and so saying, he jumped into his gig, which was waiting for him, and was out of sight in a moment. The other young men returned together, and Hammond made instant preparations for his departure,

which took place that evening, after having reiterated his promise to Arundel not to see his sister till they should meet again in the north.

The next day Arundel, mindful of his promise, wrote the following letter to his sister :—

“ MY DEAREST ELLEN.

“ It is needless to relate by what circumstances Hammond was induced to inform me of your mutual attachment, and the engagement which has followed it. I confess it hurt me not a little to find that you should have had so little confidence in a brother, who, I had hoped, deserved nothing at your hands but affection; one thing, however, is quite clear—you felt that this connection could never meet with my approbation, unless sanctioned by Sir John Hammond’s knowledge and approval, and in that you judged rightly. However, I will not now enter further upon a subject which is of too great importance, and would demand too much time, to be considered in a letter. That must be deferred till my return home; but I write now, at Hammond’s request, to inform you, that he has promised me not to see you or communicate with you,

directly or indirectly, till my return. Give my affectionate love to my mother, and believe me

“Ever your affectionate,

“H. A.

“*Cambridge, May 30, 1789.*”

“P.S. If you think anything I have said in this letter too harsh, forgive me. I have had much to excite me lately, and hardly know what I write. At all events do me the justice to believe that my only anxiety is to secure your permanent happiness.”

This postscript Arundel broke open his letter to add, fearful of wounding the feelings of his sister by assuming too harsh and dictatorial a tone; but the more he considered the business, the less he liked it. In the first place, he anticipated the strongest opposition on the part of Hammond's father, and nothing would have induced him to consent to his Ellen's entering any family without the approbation of its head. In the next place, much as he liked Hammond, he was not blind to his defects; and he was by no means sure that he was a person to whom he should wish to confide the happiness of one he loved. He felt that unless Ellen acquired a strong influence over him, and exerted it with

good sense and judgment, she would run the risk of being a very miserable woman, united to a man liable to be run away with by every impulse, and following every inclination which caprice might suggest to him. He had seen too little of his sister since she was quite a girl, to be able to form any correct opinion of her character; and it was, therefore, in his opinion, quite a toss up, whether this unfortunate engagement could, under any circumstances, turn out to her advantage. In addition to all this, there was yet another motive which was not the less strong that he did not avow it to himself—perhaps indeed, was not even aware of its nature. This was a feeling of morbid sensibility, or, to give it its right name, of jealousy, which is perhaps always inseparable from strong affection, and which made him ill brook any rival in the hearts of those he loved. The love he felt for his sister, was of that engrossing nature, which is not to be satisfied with any half return. Like most persons of deep feeling and powerful minds, he had thought it a duty he owed to himself, to suppress any strong outward expressions of sensibility; but the current that runs smoothest, is sometimes the deepest; and so it was with Arundel. His bosom was a volcano that the

slightest accident might inflame. Hitherto he had not conceived the possibility of Ellen's dividing her affection with any one; and when he was aware of the truth, it gave him a shock, as if he had been bereft of everything that made life dear to him. He loved and respected his mother, but she was not a person to excite any violent feeling of affection. Caring for little, if she had the latest novel and a comfortable fire, she was satisfied to know that her children were happy and in good health, and trusted to Providence to keep them so. The decision and powerful mind of her son had long since subjugated her completely; and she found herself happy to have some one, to whom she could confide all her domestic grievances and leave the trouble of setting them to rights. Owing to these circumstances, Arundel had become a man before he ceased to be a boy; and he found himself, while yet at school, the master of a family, who were accustomed to look up to him for advice and abide by his decisions on all occasions. It was therefore a mixture of wounded pride and chilled affection, added to the most melancholy forebodings of the fate of those he best loved, that took possession of his mind, when he found himself left alone after Hammond's

departure. However, he was not a person to give way long to vain repinings over what could not be helped; and having made up his mind as to the course to be pursued on his return home, he endeavoured to banish the subject altogether from his thoughts. A few days brought him the following letter from his sister :

“ I cannot tell you, my dearest brother, how relieved I feel, at no longer having a secret from you; believe me, it was no want of confidence in you, that induced either Charles or myself to conceal from you that which must necessarily interest you so deeply. It was his anxious wish to have his father’s approbation, before he took any further step; and seeing this, I could not do otherwise than comply with his request, not to mention it to you or my mother, till he had spoken to Sir John, which he was to do as soon as he had taken his degree. Indeed, the whole thing was so unexpected, that we were engaged almost without being aware of it. Dear Charles assured me, he never intended mentioning it, even to me, till he had his father’s permission; but I don’t know how it happened—one evening when he was last here, it came from him by surprise, and I was too happy to be angry with

him, as I now see I ought to have been. But dear brother, do not be annoyed; and above all, do not be angry with him, for I assure you, it was his love for you that first made me like him. I wish you were once more at home—my mother's health is not what it was—she had a fit last Tuesday, and though Dr. Powis says it was merely weakness, and that no danger is to be apprehended, I feel very unhappy, and pass half my time in crying. She sends her best love, and desires me not to mention her illness, of which she makes light, for fear it should alarm you; but I think you ought to know it, and have therefore ventured to disobey her. Even your own affectionate

“ELLEN.”

There was much in this letter to restore Arundel's peace of mind; but the account of his mother's health alarmed and grieved him. He had seen, when he was last at home, that she was no longer as strong as she had been; yet he was by no means prepared for any thing like serious illness; and he had hoped, that the return of spring and fine weather would have dissipated any slight indisposition. These hopes had now vanished; and he felt that at no distant

period, he should probably have to mourn the loss of his sole remaining parent, and be his sister's only support and protection till she married. He was therefore most anxious to return home, in case of any sudden and fatal change in his mother's health ; but by so doing, he would be obliged to prolong his stay at the university for another six months, and that too, perhaps at the very time when he would be most wanted elsewhere. It did not appear either that there was any immediate cause for apprehension ; and all things considered, he thought he had better remain at Cambridge till he had taken his degree, when he would be completely his own master. This determination he communicated to his sister, begging her to inform him immediately, should any thing occur to make his immediate presence at home desirable.

An accident, in itself apparently unimportant, destroyed all these plans, and completely changed Arundel's destiny. He was one day walking out with a small terrier he was very fond of, when a large mastiff, apparently belonging to a labouring man who was passing by in a cart, flew at the dog, and seemed determined to demolish him without ceremony. Arundel

called to the man, and desired him to take his dog off. To this request, the man not only paid no attention, but encouraged his dog to the attack. Arundel seeing there was no time to be lost, rushed to the rescue, and by a liberal use of a stick he held in his hand, compelled the aggressor to retire. His master, however, no sooner saw the defeat of his favourite, than he jumped out of his cart, and running to the spot, before Arundel was aware of his intention, hit him a severe blow on the head with the butt-end of his carter's whip. The first blow, we are told, is half the battle; but in this case, the proverb failed, for Arundel, who was no mean proficient in the noble science of single stick, administered such severe chastisement to the ruffian, that in five minutes he was fain to cry out for mercy, which was immediately granted, with the advice to be more civil for the future. As Arundel was walking away, the fellow called out after him, "You have had the best of it to-day, but I will be even with you before long, master." To this threat Arundel paid no attention, and only resolved never to leave his stick at home, in case of any future attack. But this man had a much safer, and more effectual method of obtaining

revenge; he was the very man who had witnessed the duel between Hammond and Price, and whom Arundel had desired to get out of the way on that occasion, although the latter had not recognised him again. He was fully aware of the light in which duelling was considered by the authorities of the University; and he now determined to denounce Arundel, as having been a party to so heinous an offence. Giving therefore his cart to some one to take home for him, he followed his unconscious enemy at a distance, and seeing him enter —— College, soon found out his name from the porter; he then made the best of his way to the Vice-Chancellor's, and having obtained an audience of him, told him all he knew concerning the duel, adding, that the only one of the parties he had recognised, was Mr. Arundel.

The gentleman who held the situation of Vice-Chancellor that year, had arrived at the responsible situation of head of a college, merely by his family connexions; and being aware of his total want of every other qualification, had determined to shine by the rigour of his administration. So flagrant a breach of college discipline, therefore, had but little chance of being leniently treated, and the great man forthwith resolved to make

such an example of the offender or offenders, if he could succeed in discovering the others, as should strike terror into the hearts of all his subjects. The regularity of Arundel's conduct and his assiduity in his studies during his residence at the University, which had won for him the friendship of some of his superiors and the esteem of all, weighed little on the present occasion; but there was but one circumstance, which, fortunately for him, was not without its due weight on the mind of his judge. Arundel was a man of good family; could trace his ancestors for several hundred years, and had more quarterings in his coat of arms than half the peerage put together. These considerations effected what nothing else probably could have done; and Dr. H. accordingly determined to see Dr. Owen, the head of —— college, and beg him to mention the affair to Arundel, that he might be prepared with his defence, if he had any to make.

Early the next morning, our hero received a message from Dr. Owen, intimating that he wished to see him as soon as possible. Accordingly, he hurried through his breakfast, and took his way to the Doctor's apartments, wondering not a little as to what could have caused

such an untimely summons. He found Dr. Owen walking up and down the library, in great perplexity. The Doctor was a good-natured, portly old gentleman, a little pompous, as what head of a college is not?—particularly if unmarried; but possessed of as kind a heart as ever beat in a human bosom: he was an excellent scholar, and had earned no little renown in his younger days, by a very erudite dissertation on the real birth-place of Homer; but of the affairs of real life, he was as ignorant as the unborn babe. He ruled his college with the mild authority of a patriarch of old; and if any of those confided to his care distinguished themselves in after life, he felt as much gratification as if they had been his own children; while a legitimate vanity whispered to him, that perhaps it was to his tuition that their budding talents owed their full development. Arundel had ever been a special favourite with him; and he had frequently prophesied that he would add another brilliant star to the constellation of talents, which — College had ushered into the world. The shock, therefore, that he had received, when informed of Arundel's delinquency, had quite unsettled his ideas. Duelling, he considered as little, if at all, better than delibe-

rate murder ; and when he found that the Vice-Chancellor was determined to expel the culprit from the University,—a decision he could not in his conscience blame, his kind heart made him mourn over the total ruin of the prospects of his favourite pupil, while he shuddered at the enormity of his guilt. It was therefore with feelings of sorrow and grief, not perhaps unmixed with a slight feeling of fear, at putting himself so completely in the power of a person who had given proof of such blood-thirstiness, that he saw Arundel enter the room, saying, “that he had come in obedience to his summons, and waited to know the cause of it.” The easy and unembarrassed manner in which he said this, evinced, in Dr. Owen’s opinion, a cool indifference, that could only belong to a being grown callous to all good feeling, and capable of any desperate attempt. Having, therefore, carefully entrenched himself behind a large writing-table, he first shut a penknife which lay open on it, and put it in his pocket ; and having ascertained that the bell rope was within reach, he proceeded to address his astonished auditor, with a frown on his brows, which might have struck terror into the breast of the most hardened criminal.

“Good God! young man,” said he; “are you so totally lost to every sense of virtue, that your conscience has not told you the occasion of my sending for you?” At this exordium, Arundel stared, and began to think the worthy Doctor had lost his senses; he however answered quietly, that certainly his conscience reproached him with nothing. The air of candour and innocence with which he said this, was so convincing, that the Doctor’s mind instantly caught hold of another idea; and he began to think that the whole story was an invention, and that the Vice-Chancellor had been imposed upon. Delighted with this view of the subject, he came forth from his fortress, and taking Arundel by the hand, exclaimed,

“My dear boy, I am delighted to hear you say so; what an old fool I was; and I must say, the Vice-Chancellor is not much better, to believe such a terrible story, and make me believe it too.”

“Well, but my dear sir,” said Arundel, “what is this terrible accusation?”

“Why, Dr. H. called upon me yesterday evening, just when I was in the middle of my after-dinner’s nap—a habit I indulge in, inasmuch as we have every reason to believe it to

have been practised by the ancients, who certainly understood whatever conduces to health much better than we do—and he told me, *horresco referens*, that he had received information, from what he considered to be good authority, that you had been lifting your hand against your fellow-creature; in short, that you had been fighting a duel: but I might have known at the time that it was a pure calumny, and I will not lose a moment in writing him a note to say so.”

Arundel’s surprise at this piece of intelligence, for a moment prevented his answering; but when he saw the Doctor turn to his desk, he cried out,

“Hold, Dr. Owen; it is not true that I have fought a duel; but it is unfortunately too true, that I was a second in a duel a few days ago.”

This confirmation of the charge was too much for the poor man; and sinking into his chair, he said, “Oh, Mr. Arundel! how I have been mistaken in you.”

“I trust not, sir,” replied Arundel; “at least if you will allow me to relate to you the circumstances, I hope to convince you I am not so much to blame.” Receiving no answer, he interpreted this silence into a permission to proceed with his narrative, and he gave a full and

fair account of all the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, taking care however to mention no names, nor to give the slightest indication by which they might be guessed.

“ You see therefore, sir,” said he, in conclusion, “ I was no party to the quarrel, in which this unfortunate business originated; and I trust you will do me the justice to believe, that if I consented to be my friend’s second, it was with the hope of preventing actual hostilities by my mediation.”

“ Well,” said Dr. Owen, “ I am glad to find it is not quite so bad a business as it was represented to be; but you have grievously offended the laws of God, of your country, and what is of at least equal consequence, those of this University. Oh! Mr. Arundel, I am deeply grieved; you, whom I always cited as a model for the young men of this age—you, for whom I felt the affection of a father, to have acted thus! How, sir, can I ever hold up my head again? My college will become a byeword, and a stumbling-block to this generation. And I grieve too for you, young man: are you aware of the consequences of your crime? You will be expelled; you will be expelled from the University, and

rendered incapable of entering the learned professions—so young, so much talent, and I must add, with this exception, so virtuous, and all lost—all thrown away.” And the good old man covered his face and wept.

Arundel was sensibly affected by this unexpected mark of interest. He drew near to him, and taking his hand, said, after a short silence: “I was fully aware of the risk I ran, and of the punishment to which I was liable; and now that it has overtaken me, I shall bear it with patience, and without repining; but I confess, it would be a grievous addition to my punishment, if I was obliged to think that I had forfeited your esteem and good opinion. I hope that, even if you think me to blame in this instance, you will not allow one error to efface entirely the friendly feelings you once entertained for me.”

“No, my boy,” replied the Doctor; “I feel that is impossible. I even feel as if I loved you better at this moment than I ever did before, now that I know you will be thrown upon the world to struggle by yourself. You have been guilty of a great fault—may it be a lesson to you in after life;—but who is perfect? *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.* I myself once gave

way to anger, so far as to give a severe beating to a hackney-coachman, who had purposely splashed my black silk stockings; but I was young, very young at that time, and since then, I have ever kept a strict guard over my passions. But this is talking idly; we must consider what it is best for you to do. The Vice-Chancellor will expel you, to a certainty, and indeed I must confess with grief, that he cannot do otherwise. There would be an end to all subordination, were he to overlook such an offence against our laws. There is but one course open for you, and that is, at once to take your name off the books, and leave Cambridge; you will thus be spared the pain and disgrace of a public exposure. Doctor H. will take no further steps till to-morrow, in order to give you time to make the necessary arrangements. He also desires me to say, that as you must be aware of the enormity of the offence you have committed, he hopes you will make the only atonement in your power, and declare who were your accomplices."

"My dear sir," said Arundel, "I am quite sure you have made the last proposal only in compliance with the wishes of Dr. H; as you must know, I cannot listen to it for a moment; nor indeed would you advise me to do so. With

regard to the first, while I feel grateful for the motives that dictated it, I must also decline profiting by it. Were I to leave Cambridge so near the period at which I had hoped to have taken my degree, every body would be aware that I could only have done so by compulsion, and malice would have full scope for its conjectures and insinuations as to the cause. If I am publicly expelled, at all events, the reason will be made public; and, thank God, it is not one which can affect my character as a man of honour, or as a gentleman."

"Well," said the Doctor, "perhaps you are right; at all events, the reasons you give are honourable to you; but as nothing will be done to-day, think it over carefully, and let me know your determination this evening. I can see you no more—it would not become a person in my situation, to appear to take an interest in so heinous an offender; but I will give you a letter of introduction to my brother, Serjeant Owen, in London, who is quite a man of the world, and may be of use to you—and if the best wishes of an old man can be of service to you, you have them. So now adieu; God bless you; and do not forget, you have a steady and affectionate friend in your old master."

Arundel squeezed the proffered hand, his heart too full for utterance, and was about to depart, when the Doctor stopped him, and said, "By-the-bye, your departure is so very sudden that perhaps you may find yourself short of cash; if so, or if you have any little debts to settle, say so at once, and I shall be most happy to be your banker." Arundel assured him he was not likely to be under any embarrassment of that nature; and having thanked him for all his past and present kindness, left the apartment.

He soon had completed all his arrangements for a speedy departure, and waited with feverish anxiety for the morrow. Late in the evening, he sent a note to Dr. Owen, again thanking him, in the warmest and most grateful manner, for the interest he had shown him, and telling him that his determination to abide the Vice-Chancellor's sentence was unchanged. To this he received no answer; but shortly afterwards a servant brought him the promised letter of recommendation to Serjeant Owen. Next day the sentence of expulsion was pronounced against him; and he endeavoured to leave Cambridge immediately, without taking leave of any of his friends; but the news had no sooner got abroad than his rooms were crowded with young

men, who came to express their sympathy for his hard fate. Amongst the first of these was Lord Havant, who abused in no measured terms what he was pleased to call the injustice and tyranny of the Dons; and it was with great difficulty that Arundel could prevent his rushing to the Vice-Chancellor's, acknowledging that he had also been an accomplice, and insisting upon sharing the same fate.

At length he got away from all these warm-hearted, though not very judicious friends; and before six o'clock that evening was some miles on his way to London, which he determined to visit previous to his return home; as he felt the urgent necessity for his immediately adopting some line of life by which he might earn an honourable existence, without being a further burden to his mother and sister. How he was to break the matter to them, was exceedingly embarrassing; but after considerable deliberation, he contented himself with writing to say that he was coming home in the course of the week for a few days; judging that the blow would be less severely felt if told by his own lips, and when he was himself present to suggest topics of consolation. He further took the precaution of giving the name of the hotel where he intended to lodge whilst in

London, that in case of necessity his sister might know where to write to him. The situation in which he now found himself was sufficient to damp the spirits of any one; but he had a strong confidence in himself, which nothing was capable of daunting; and he was, perhaps, not without a feeling of inward satisfaction when he reflected, that his fate in life now depended entirely upon himself; that if he was, indeed, destined to rescue his name from obscurity, the task must be accomplished by his own unaided energies, and in spite of the unfavourable auspices under which he was about to enter life. His first step, he determined, should be to call on Serjeant Owen; though from anecdotes he had occasionally heard of him from his brother, he did not anticipate much assistance or advice in that quarter; but being a perfect stranger in London, where he was literally without an acquaintance, he hoped at all events that the Serjeant might be the means of making him known to those who would be able and willing to forward his views. With this resolution he arrived in London late at night, and having taken up his quarters in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, he soon forgot in sleep his misfortunes and his hopes.

CHAPTER II.

AT an early hour next morning, having carefully inquired his way, Arundel started, with his letter of introduction in his pocket, for the Temple, which he reached without losing his way above five times; and after a minute search he discovered Serjeant Owen's name painted on one of the doorposts in that ancient and celebrated seat of conviviality and learning. Having arrived at the chambers indicated by the aforesaid doorpost, and knocked at the door, he gained admittance after a considerable delay, occasioned apparently by the clerk who opened it having been occupied with his toilet. After surveying Arundel from head to foot, he asked him, in no civil tone of voice, what his business was at that hour of the morning? Arundel

gave him his card, which he desired him to deliver to his master, and to say that he had a letter for him from his brother, Dr. Owen. The man grumbled out that he was quite sure his master could see nobody then, but retired to deliver the message; and in a minute after, Arundel heard a loud voice calling him by name, and telling him to come in. This mandate he obeyed; and found himself in a square room, the furniture of which consisted in two or three chairs, and a large writing table covered with papers. Before the window, peering into a small piece of broken looking-glass, stood a short elderly man with a very red nose, with one side of his face well lathered, and his whole features twisted into one of those indescribable contortions which generally accompany the attempt to get rid of a very stubborn beard by means of a very blunt razor. The room itself was surrounded by bookcases, filled with venerable looking folios and quartos; the glass in the windows was of a light brown colour, so thoroughly was the dirt of years incorporated with it; while a coating of dust gave somewhat of the same hue to every object in the room. The short gentleman with a red nose and lathered face, whom he rightly conjec-

tured to be Richard Owen, Esq., one of his Majesty's Serjeants, learned in the law, was too busily engaged to take any notice of his approach; and he had, therefore, time to look around him, and marvel in silence at the dirt and disorder with which he was surrounded. The attire of the worthy proprietor himself was not the last thing that engaged his attention;—a dingy cotton nightcap, a shirt bearing evident marks of the snuff-taking propensities of the wearer, a pair of very shabby trowsers, which had once been black, a slipper on one foot, and a silk stocking on the other. At length, Mr. Serjeant Owen, having succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage of a pimple he had just beheaded, by means of some cobweb he had collected from the window, thought proper to break silence.

“So you have brought me a letter from my brother. I think he need not have put me to the expense of eighteenpence for a double letter I received by the post half an hour ago; but that is just like him. I should not be surprised if he wrote to me again to-morrow to know if I had received the other two. So you have been frightening them all out of their wits at Cambridge; thought they had got another Guy

Faux, I suppose. But what am I to do? My brother wants me to turn bear-leader, but that won't suit me; I was never well licked into shape myself. Oh, yes, I see that is my brother's letter," as Arundel produced it from his pocket. "Well, I suppose I know as much from his first, as I shall from the second; so just throw it into the fire-place, for I have no time to read two editions of the same work. However, I am glad to see you; I see you think I ought to have said that long ago; but never mind, better late than never; so just sit down while I finish dressing; you will find plenty here to amuse you in the mean time;" and so saying, he pushed Arundel into a chair, stuffed a newspaper into his hands, and vanished into his bed-room; where he was soon heard snorting and blowing like a grampus, as he repeatedly plunged his face into a basin of water. By the time Arundel had waded through the newspaper, he again made his appearance, looking rather more like a civilized being; and coming up to his visiter, he shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was glad to see him. "And now," said he, "we must have some breakfast; if you have not had one, you must be ready for it; and if you have had one, you must be ready for another—so pull the bell." And in

a few minutes they were both hard at work, discussing the merits of devilled kidney, cold ham, boiled eggs, &c. &c.

When the Serjeant had taken off what he called the edge of his appetite, he turned to Arundel, and said, "Well, now I think it is time to tell me all about this Cambridge business; my brother has written to me in so pressing a manner, that, under any circumstances, my best advice and assistance should be at your service; but I tell you at once, I am something of a physiognomist, and like your looks, and anything I can do for you I will." To this Arundel made a suitable acknowledgment, and then gave a full account of all that had happened, and the complete annihilation of all his hopes and prospects which was the consequence of it.

"Well, I must say," said the Serjeant, "I always thought them a pack of d——d fools, but I never was more convinced of it than at this moment. However, there is no help for it now. I wish, by-the-bye, you had been the principal instead of the second; it does a young man good to stand a shot or two. I dare say, however, that will come in good time; but now, what are we to do for you? You would want better interest than mine to get a commission in

the army, after what has passed; the church is out of the question; the law is not to your liking; and you cannot engage in commerce without a capital. If I were in your place, I would go over to Paris; the Revolution has made a glorious opening for young men of talent and education; and there I can give you letters which may be of use to you; that is, supposing you speak French, and are not opposed to the principles of the French Reformers; with these two requisites you will find every career open to you."

Arundel assured him, with truth, that he was a tolerably good French scholar; and added, that he had not had much opportunity of studying the details of the Revolution, but that it was impossible not to feel the deepest interest and sympathy for a nation struggling to recover their birthright and take their place amongst freemen. In fact, Arundel, like many other ardent spirits, had hailed with joy the meeting of the States General, which had then been assembled about two months; and from the firmness and dignity which the *Tiers Etât* had already manifested on several occasions, he augured well of their future proceedings, and thought them well qualified to become the rege-

nerators of their country. He had attentively watched the characters of all the political actors as they appeared upon the stage, and could not help wishing, that he had been so situated as to take a share in the struggle which was then commencing between the advocates of traditional despotism on the one hand, and those who were anxious to erect, on the ruins of the ancient regime, such a fabric as should secure the liberties and rights of the people, while at the same time the prerogatives of the crown were respected; for at that time the idea of a republic had few, if any, avowed adherents. With these feelings, it is not surprising that Arundel should have embraced with pleasure the rather wild proposal of the worthy Serjeant. He felt that every career was closed against him in England, and that a new state of society, such as was commencing in France, offered the best chance of rapidly rising to distinction and honours. The only circumstance that made him hesitate was the state of his mother's health, and he determined to run down to the north before he finally made up his mind on the subject. All this he expressed to Owen, who fully approved of it, and advised him to return home on the next day. "I will send my servant," said he, "to take your place in the

mail for to-morrow; and in the mean time you cannot do better than pass the rest of the day with me. You shall come down with me to Westminster Hall, where I have a cause coming on to-day; after which, we will dine quietly together; and in the evening I will take you to a society composed of the friends and admirers of the French Revolution, where I have to propose some resolutions, expressive of our sympathy with our friends at Paris."

CHAPTER III.

ON the following evening, Arundel left town by the mail; and late on the second day, arrived at the village which lay nearest to Rosedale; where, having procured a man to carry his port-manteau, he started alone across the fields on foot.

It was a lovely summer evening, and Arundel paused from time to time, feelingly alive to the beauties of the scenery; every feature of which recalled to him some pleasing recollection, some happy moment of his past life. But as he approached nearer home, an indescribable sadness weighed upon his heart, which might be taken for the foreboding of some heavy calamity. In vain he tried to struggle against it; in vain he endeavoured to analyze its source. His mind refused to assist him. He felt like one deprived

of the intellectual part of his being ; as if his soul was under the influence of some terrific nightmare, from which it struggled to free itself, but in vain. At length he arrived at the summit of a gentle acclivity, from whence, through a break in the trees, he could perceive the happy home of his boyhood.

The hill on which he stood, sloped down gently for about half a mile, to a small river that flowed through the bottom ; beyond, on the right, stood the village church, its modest tower just visible amongst the elms and oaks in which it lay embosomed. Behind this grove lay the village itself ; though a few neat white cottages, on which played the rays of the setting sun, were all that could be seen of it. On the left were the cottage and farm, which formed Arundel's sole inheritance ; the garden and neatly kept lawn stretching down to the river, close to the bridge, which formed the sole communication between the high road and the village. Far beyond, the ground began to rise in well-wooded hills ; and the horizon was shut out by the extensive plantations of Arundel Castle, the vast and magnificent pile which, for many centuries, had been the principal residence of the Arundel family ; but which, at the sale of the property by the

late Mr. Arundel, had passed with the estate into the hands of a Mr. Brown. This gentleman was understood to be nearly connected with a noble family; though little further was known of him than that he had accumulated a very large fortune in India. He had returned to England a few years before, but had speedily left it again for the Continent. It was said, his health compelled him to live abroad. Be this as it might, he had only been once at Arundel Castle, for a few days, since he had purchased it. In short, his whole conduct seemed to exhibit the caprices of a very wealthy and very whimsical individual; not the least proof of which was, that, although he appeared to have given up every idea of returning to England, he still kept up an immense establishment at the castle, and had every thing always ready for him, in case he should take it into his head to arrive at a moment's notice.

Arundel, feeling the necessity of regaining as much composure as possible before he made his appearance before his mother, sat down upon the stump of a tree, and gazed upon the scene we have just described. But the thoughts that pressed upon his mind were not of a nature to restore him to tranquillity. He could not but

remember that all the wide extent of country which lay around him, had once belonged to his family; and that the humble cottage before him, which was all he could call his own, had, in days of yore, been frequently bestowed upon some favourite and deserving retainer of the family, rent free, as a reward for past services. "And here am I," thought he, "the descendant of those bold and powerful barons, who led their vassals to conquer on the fields of Cressy and Agincourt; here am I, reduced to the necessity of exiling myself from my native land, in order to procure the means of subsistence. My blood flows as warmly, my courage is as undaunted as theirs; but shall I ever have the opportunity of showing that I am not unworthy of my lineage? At all events, I will not now disgrace it by unworthy repinings. The founder of my race had probably to struggle with greater difficulties than those I am now surrounded with; and to him was wanting the powerful incentive of having the honour of a long line of illustrious heroes to uphold. I will not prove weaker than he was; and if I cannot restore the splendour of my house, I trust I shall never have to reproach myself with having tarnished its past honours."

While such thoughts as these presented them-

selves in rapid succession to his mind, the evening was fast closing in ; yet still he lingered on the spot where he had first seated himself. He felt that sort of indefinite apprehension which is so apt to seize upon the imagination, when we are on the point of approaching those we love. He felt as if he had no courage for the interview which was awaiting him ; while, ever and anon, a small still voice seemed to urge him forwards. He could almost have imagined that some one was whispering in his ear, "Hasten, or you will be too late." The gloom of the approaching night seemed to have penetrated his soul. At last, unable to resist the agitation of his spirits, he started up, and rushed hastily down the hill. By the time he reached the bridge, every thing was enveloped in darkness, save one window of the cottage, which was lighted by a single candle. Hastily making his way to the entrance, he found it fastened ; and, after some ineffectual attempts to find the bell, he determined to walk round through the pleasure garden, to the windows of the drawing-room, which opened down to the ground, and which, at this season of the year, were generally left open till the inmates retired for the night. Through one of these he got into the room, which was

empty, and without a light. Not knowing what to make of this solitude, he groped his way to the bell, and rang it violently. In a few minutes the room was entered by a maid servant, whose face he did not recollect, bearing a light; but who no sooner caught a glimpse of him, than, letting the candle fall, she rushed out of the room again with a loud exclamation of terror. Provoked at her folly, Arundel again applied himself to the bell, and this time with success; for the door opened, and a young lady, running up to him, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "I knew it must be you, Henry."

"Yes, my dear Ellen, it is I, sure enough," said Arundel, tenderly kissing her; "whom was I taken for? But what is the matter?" seeing that she sunk into a chair almost fainting. "How is my mother?"

"Oh, thank God you are come!" said Ellen; "though I hardly hoped you would have got my letter soon enough."

"Letter!—what letter? I received no letter from you; it is almost accidental my being here to-day; but what was the letter about;—how is my mother?"

"Oh, Henry," replied his sister, "I wrote

the day before yesterday; but you could not have had time to receive it. My mother has had another fit, and is very ill. It is only since this afternoon that she has recovered sufficiently to recognize me; but I trust the happiness of having you here will be the best medicine for her."

"Can I see her?" said Arundel, turning his head away, to conceal his emotion.

"Dr. Powis is now here; he came about ten minutes before you. He is with her; and I think I had better consult him about it; as, perhaps, any violent emotion might be prejudicial."

"Do, dearest Ellen; lose no time, I beg of you; or rather, beg Dr. Powis to come and speak to me here." Ellen left the room, and in a few minutes Dr. Powis made his appearance. "Welcome back to Northumberland, my dear sir," said he, stretching out his hand. "I wish it had not been under such melancholy auspices; but still your arrival here is most fortunate."

"Dr. Powis," said Arundel, "let me know exactly what you think of my mother's state; and do not be afraid of shocking me. I am prepared for the worst, and can bear it."

"My dear sir," said the Doctor, "nature has

many resources unknown to art; and your mother is far from being an old woman."

"I understand you," said Arundel; "but still I wish to know how long you think my mother may yet have to live."

"Really, you ask me a question it is not easy to answer; but I much fear it will not be long. If the medicines I have administered produce the effect they ought to do—and I grieve to say that as yet they have not produced the slightest—she may live for some days, perhaps weeks; but, as it is, I doubt her living through the night."

"So sudden, Dr. Powis!" and Arundel leant against the chimney-piece for support.

"Come, my dear young gentleman," said the Doctor, who at bottom was a good-hearted man, though grown rather callous by his long professional practice, "you must endeavour to arm yourself with resignation, for the sake of Miss Ellen. Poor dear, she will feel the blow heavily indeed. She has not been in bed for two nights; and her health is not very strong just now. For some time past, something seems to have been preying upon her spirits; she is not the merry light-hearted girl she was when you were here last, Mr. Arundel."

"Doctor," said Arundel, rousing himself

from the fit of abstraction in which he had been sunk during the last speech; "can I see my mother? Will you undertake to break to her that I am in the house, and prepare her for seeing me?"

"Certainly; I think it will do her good rather than otherwise. Have the goodness to wait here a few minutes;" and so saying, he left the room; and Arundel again sank into a gloomy reverie, from which he was soon roused by the entrance of Ellen, who came to conduct him to his mother's room.

"I feel greater hopes," said she, "than I have done for some time. When Dr. Powis mentioned your name, the colour came into her cheeks; and she begged, in almost a strong voice, that you might come directly." Arundel sighed heavily, as he followed his sister; for he was aware of the fatal truth; and he had not courage to answer her. When they entered the room, he went silently to the side of the bed, and kneeling down, kissed his mother's hand. She had hardly strength to murmur his name; but soon recovering from her emotion, she begged to be left alone with her two children. On Dr. Powis and the nurse leaving the room, she said, in a stronger voice, "Come near me, my

children ; this is indeed a blessing. I hardly expected to have had you near me, Henry, when I die."

" Oh, mother," exclaimed Ellen, " you will live yet many long years. Doctor Powis told me he hoped much from the original strength of your constitution."

" My dear Ellen, Dr. Powis may deceive you and himself, but me he cannot. I feel the hand of death upon me ; and I thank God that it has no terrors for me. I did once hope to have been permitted to live to see my children restored to that rank in society they are entitled to ; but an all-wise God has ordained it otherwise ; and I can still say with sincerity, ' His will be done.' His goodness is already more than I deserve, in permitting me to embrace my son once more before I die. Henry, I need not tell you to take care of your sister ; you will soon be her only protector ; the only being on earth to whom she can look for advice and assistance ; and you, Ellen, look up to him, as you would to a father, and take no important step in life without consulting him. My dear boy, you know the views I have always had for you ; you are old enough to judge whether they are wise or not, and you will now act according to your own discretion.

I sometimes feel that, perhaps, I should not have departed from your dear father's plan. If I have acted wrong, my intentions were good ; I was proud of my children, and wished others to admire them also. Embrace me, my children; few mothers can say, as I can, that their children have given them nothing but unalloyed happiness. And now leave me. I have sent for the clergyman, and hear him in the next room. I wish to be alone with him. I will see you to-morrow morning."

They both threw themselves on their knees before the bed, and embraced her ; while Arundel said, " My dearest mother, rest assured that whatever may happen, my first, my most anxious care, shall be for Ellen's happiness; my next, to carry all your known wishes into effect." Saying this, he raised up Ellen, who was almost insensible, and retired with her from the room. In the passage he found Dr. Powis, whom he beckoned to follow him; and having conducted his sister to her own room, he led the way to the garden. " Doctor Powis," said he, " my mother evidently wishes to spare us the sight of her last moments. I shall not leave the room, after the clergyman has retired, till"—he faltered a moment—" till all is over ;

but I am most anxious that my sister should be spared this: you must order her to bed, and give her a sleeping potion. Will you undertake this?"

"Indeed, I think it is the best thing that can be done," replied the Doctor; I feel convinced from the rapid change that has taken place in Mrs. Arundel, that she cannot last many hours; and the shock would be too much for Miss Ellen to bear, worn out as she is by fatigue and uneasiness."

Dr. Powis accordingly took his way to Miss Arundel's room, and knocking at the door, was alarmed at receiving no answer. He entered without further ceremony, and found that she had fainted away on the floor. Without loss of time, he summoned one of the maids to her assistance, and having easily restored animation, he desired she might be undressed, and put to bed, while he went to prepare a draught for her. With this he soon returned, and having given it to her, while she appeared to be almost unconscious of what was passing, he had the satisfaction of seeing her in a few moments fall into a profound sleep. He then rejoined Arundel in the garden, and both of them returned into the house; in a few minutes, having seen the clergyman retire, they

went into the room where Mrs. Arundel lay. Both were shocked at the change, which in so short a time had taken place in her appearance—she was evidently dying. Still she had strength enough left to say, ‘My son, I wished to spare you this; where is Ellen?’ Arundel hastened to assure her she was in a sound sleep, and that strict orders had been given on no account to disturb her. Mrs. Arundel made an attempt to speak, but could only utter some inarticulate sounds. She then sank into a dose, which lasted nearly an hour, at the expiration of which she started up, and exclaiming, “Bless you, my children”—expired without a struggle.

When Arundel was aware that all was over, he burst into a paroxysm of tears, and kneeling down by the bed, remained for some time in silent prayer, before he suffered himself to be led away by Dr. Powis, who told him that he would take charge of every thing that remained to be done; and would remain in the house till after Miss Arundel should awake. Arundel thanked him by a squeeze of the hand, and retired to the solitude of his own room. Here he remained in deep and solemn reflection for many hours, without an attempt at repose. The new duties that had devolved upon him, and the con-

sideration of the best way to provide for their execution, occupied his most anxious thoughts. His sister was now entirely dependant upon him. It was impossible for him to think of leaving her alone with her grief; yet he saw the great inconvenience of taking her with him to France, at a time when that country was on the eve of a revolution, in which he was preparing to take an active part. On the other hand, he was convinced of the necessity of removing her from a spot where every thing would serve to recall to her her recent loss, and keep fresh in her mind the recollection of Hammond, which he was bent upon effacing, if possible. At length, he decided that his best plan would be to take her with him, and place her in some convent in or near Paris, where he could see her every day, and where, at the same time, she would be under the protection of those of her own sex, and secure from the consequence of any popular violence or riot. While he was yet busied with these thoughts, the sun had risen, and the morning was already far advanced, when he heard a knock at the door, and Ellen herself made her appearance.

“I have sent Mary,” she said, “to see if we can go to my mother yet; but how is this—you have not been in bed yourself?”

“My own Ellen,” returned Arundel, “have you seen Dr. Powis this morning?”

“I saw him walking in the garden, as I came down stairs; what does he say of mama?”

“Ellen, my dearest Ellen, you must collect all your fortitude; you will see your mother no more.”

Miss Arundel instantly comprehended the fatal truth, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed: “Oh! Henry, this was cruel of you, to deprive me of my mother’s last blessing—did she not think of me, and ask for me?”

“It gave her comfort in her last moments,” replied her brother, “to know that you were asleep, after all your fatigues and exhaustion; and the last words she uttered were, to invoke a blessing upon both her children.”

At this moment, Dr. Powis entered the room: “Miss Ellen,” said he, “I am very angry with you; I do not allow my patients to quit their rooms without my permission.”

“Would to God I had never gone into it, and then I might have soothed my mother’s last moments,” was the reply.

“My dear, good young lady, you have sustained a grievous loss; but you should be thankful for what is still left you,” said the Doctor: “and it may be some consolation to you to

know that Mrs. Arundel's last moments were without pain ; and as far as mortals can judge, without a thought to embitter them. And now, Mr. Arundel, if you will but consider me as a sincere, though humble friend, you will allow me instantly to take Miss Arundel home with me in my gig, and will follow yourself in the course of the day. Mrs. Powis will do all she can to make you comfortable, and a little change of scene and air will do both of you good."

Arundel's first feeling was that of offended pride, at its being supposed that he would put himself under such an obligation to a country apothecary ; it lasted but a moment, and soon gave way to the impulse of his better nature. "My dear sir," said he, taking the Doctor cordially by the hand ; "most gratefully do I accept your kind offer, as far as regards my sister, at least ; for as for me, I have so much to do, that my time will be fully occupied for some days to come ; in addition to which, I will not leave the house in which my mother is, solely to the care of servants."

"Oh Henry !" cried Miss Arundel, "do not send me from you ; my duty retains me here, quite as much as it does you."

"Ellen, it is better for both of us, that you

should go," said her brother ; "I will come over and see you every day : it is the first request I have made you—do not refuse me." Ellen reluctantly acquiesced, and it was settled that Dr. Powis, who had some patients to visit at a considerable distance, should call on his return in the evening, to take his future guest with him.

Miss Arundel had retired to make the necessary preparations for her absence, and her brother was occupied in his own room, when a gentleman on horseback rode hastily up to the house, and having alighted, insisted, in spite of the opposition of the servants, on seeing Arundel. It proved to be Sir John Hammond. As soon as he had entered the room, he said, "My dear Arundel, I only heard yesterday of your mother's illness, and to-day on my way here to make enquiries, I met Dr. Powis, who communicated to me the melancholy news of her death, and your own arrival. I cannot tell you, how much I was shocked by it—so young too ; she could not have been more than forty-five. However, I trust you will allow me to consider myself as an old friend, and as such I beg you will make use of me in any way you think fit. I should also tell you, that Charles received this morning a letter from Lord Havant, informing

him of all that has happened at Cambridge since he left it. Of course he had not before mentioned his folly to me ; but on the receipt of this letter, he confessed it all to me. I never can express sufficiently how truly grateful I feel for the manly and friendly part you acted ; nor my deep regret, at the unfortunate consequences my son's imprudence has entailed upon you. I must, however, do Charles the justice to say that he is perfectly miserable, and that he has already written to the Vice-Chancellor a letter containing a history of the whole transaction. But all this we must discuss at some other time ; what I want you to do now, is to bring your sister over to Hammond Place, and make it your home for the present."

How bitterly did Arundel regret that delicacy and honour combined to make him refuse a proposal, which, under any other circumstances, would have been the very thing he could have wished. As it was, he was compelled to decline it, which he did in an embarrassed manner, alleging as an excuse, the promise they were under to Dr. Powis.

"Oh !" said Sir John, "if that is all, you may make your mind quite easy ; Dr. Powis told me that he was to carry off Miss Arundel,

but when I expressed a similar determination, he at once, and with great propriety, waved his claim in my favour. No, no, Mrs. Powis is the best person in the world, I believe, in her way ; but she is not a proper chaperon for Miss Arundel. Your father chose to cut us all, when he sold Arundel Castle ; but he could not make us forget the friendship and high regard we all had for him ; and it shall never be said that his children wanted a home, while I have a roof over my head."

When Arundel saw him so determined on carrying his point, which was urged in so friendly and delicate a manner that he could not persist in his refusal without giving just offence, he resolved at once to tell his visitor the motives of his determination ; and after a short silence, he said, " Sir John, the very kind manner in which you have pressed this matter, compels me to tell you why I cannot accept it. Circumstances have lately brought to my knowledge the fact that an attachment exists between your son and my sister ; had I been earlier acquainted with it, I should have done my utmost to stop so disproportionate a connexion, before it had gone to the extent it has—as it is, you will now understand why your house is the

very last place that can afford a home to Ellen."

"Do you mean to say that you were only aware of this lately?" said Sir John.

"I only knew it on the evening previous to your son's duel. I trust, Sir John, you will do me the justice to believe that I would never for a moment have sanctioned an engagement entered into without your knowledge. Miss Arundel herself," added he, rather proudly, "whatever might be her feelings in a moment of excitement, would never consent to steal into a family without the knowledge of its principal members."

"By heaven," exclaimed Sir John, "you are a noble fellow; I partly suspected this, though I had no idea it had gone so far, for I think you talked of an engagement; but my good sir, do not think I should have had the blindness to encourage my son in living intimately in the society of a beautiful and accomplished young woman, if the connexion had been one that I was likely to disapprove."

"How!" cried Arundel, "does it meet your approbation?"

"Ay, that it does; and I thank heaven for giving me such a daughter: so now I suppose you will no longer make any objections to my plan of taking you both home with me, where we can talk over our future proceedings at leisure."

“Sir John,” said Arundel, hardly able to speak from emotion; “you have made me a happier man than I ever hoped to be again. My darling Ellen will be, I hope, as happy as she deserves to be, and Charles too. I am afraid you will think me very ungrateful in starting anything like an objection, after your kindness; but I confess, I should like to see the marriage itself deferred for some time. Ellen is only seventeen, and Charles is but three years older: and I must say, I should like him to become a little steadier than he is at present, before he marries my sister.

“My dear Arundel,” said Sir John, “we will talk over all these things at leisure; of course, under present circumstances, it is needless to say that an immediate union is out of the question. Miss Arundel certainly cannot marry for the next six months; but if you will believe me, great as may be the inconveniences attending early marriages, they are not to be compared to those attending long engagements. The position of both parties is, in a manner, the reverse of that which they will respectively occupy in after life. The lady commands, the gentleman obeys; and when this state of things has lasted for any length of time, it is no easy matter to restore them again to their natu-

ral state ; for although no woman of sense, who respects her husband and herself, will ever wish to domineer, and no man of spirit would submit to it, yet the precise limits to which authority may fairly be extended on the one hand, and obedience expected on the other, are so ill-defined, that it requires very often great tact and management to adjust the balance ; and this difficulty is naturally increased when the parties have been for a long time playing directly the contrary parts. Lovers, too, are naturally living in a state of complete deception and hypocrisy, in most cases probably quite unintentionally ; but where there [exists a strong desire to please, there must also necessarily exist a strong anxiety to keep one's faults in the back ground, and exhibit only the most pleasing parts of one's character. Half the unhappiness that exists in married life is, I believe, to be attributed to the discoveries that are constantly making of the great difference of dispositions before and after marriage. Then come accusations of deception, very unfairly—for, as I before said, the fraud was an involuntary one, and inherent in human nature ; accusations are followed by recriminations and all the misery and bitterness of married strife, merely because the lovers expected

to marry angels, and find out that they are united to human beings like themselves."

"I cannot say I have made these matters my study," said Arundel, half smiling; "but surely, a woman has a better chance of becoming thoroughly acquainted with a man's disposition, by a long and intimate intercourse with him, than if she has only known him a short time; and there is always the chance that the long habit of keeping a strict guard over ourselves may eradicate, or at least diminish, any evil propensity of our nature."

"I grant that, where there are any strong passions or positively vicious inclinations," rejoined Sir John, "they will probably occasionally force themselves into notice in the course of a long intimacy; but how seldom is this the case. Ninety-nine young men out of a hundred, are free from any positive vice; even if the seed of evil exists, it generally takes years to develope it; and it is only when vice has become a confirmed habit, that it exhibits itself in strong colours. What chance has a girl of knowing how a man spends his time, when he is absent from her society? How, for instance, can Miss Arundel know that Charles is not a gambler—violent in his temper—tyrannical to

his inferiors—addicted to women or the pleasures of the table? Why, even I, with much better means of information, cannot be sure on all these points; though I believe him to be free from them, as confirmed vices. She cannot know, as I do, that he once lost a considerable sum at Newmarket—that he had a horse there, running under another man's name—that he was by no means the most sober man at Cambridge—that just before he left Eton, he fancied himself in love with a very worthless woman—and that only last year he had to pay ten pounds for breaking his servant's head. You seem surprised at the accuracy of my information. A father is too anxious not to take care to be kept *au courant* of his son's follies. Now do you suppose that if any one were to tell all this to Miss Arundel, she would believe one word of it? No, she fancies she knows Charles too well, to allow that he could be capable of such enormities, as she would think them. We think them follies of youth; and though as a father I cannot approve of them, I cannot consider them as proofs of a vicious disposition. I believe him to be wild and thoughtless, but I trust he has good principles, I know him to have an excellent heart, and I believe there is

no better way of confirming his principles, and putting a stop to his thoughtlessness, than by marrying him to a beautiful and sensible girl, to whom he is attached, and by whom his affection is returned."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Arundel, "I am sure you do Charles no more than justice. Were I not as sure of his principles and honourable nature as I am of my own, nothing would tempt me to confide my sister's happiness to his keeping."

"I am sure you would not," said Sir John; "and without any compliment, I always felt your friendship a guarantee for his principles. Believe me when I say, that there is no man, whether old or young, for whom I feel greater esteem than I do for you, my young friend; for I have watched your conduct through life, as carefully as my son's. But I merely wished to show you, how little a long courtship has to do with knowledge of character. I speak not of women who live in the world; they probably could obtain an accurate knowledge of all the proceedings of all their acquaintance, if they wished it; but they would find the life of one the life of all, with some trifling exceptions; and what we unsophisticated country folks call vice,

would probably be treated as a matter hardly deserving of reproof. There is besides some feeling in such women, which certainly makes them pleased rather than otherwise with the attentions of men of notorious profligacy; whether it is the vanity of enchaining the conqueror or the more meritorious motive of converting the sinner that animates them, I will not undertake to determine; but so it is."

"Well, but surely," said Arundel, "women are not guilty of this deception; they can have no vice to conceal, or but very seldom."

"Men certainly have better opportunities of judging of women, than women have of judging of men," replied Sir John; "seeing them, as we have frequent opportunities of doing, in the bosoms of their families; but even there, one is not safe: if the match is a good one, the members of the family play into each other's hand, to keep up the delusion; and it is not vice alone that makes unhappiness in marriage. What think you of temper, for example?"

"Well, my dear sir," said Arundel, "it is lucky Charles and Ellen have not heard your declamation; it is enough to frighten any one from the holy estate."

"Not so," replied Sir John; "I hold marriage

to be the great link of society, and as such, entitled to all our respect and reverence. All I have said only amounts to this,—that like all other conditions through which we pass, it is liable to disappointment, from which no previous observations can secure us.”

“If one did not know how happily you and Lady Hammond live together, we might almost fancy you were complaining of your own fate,” observed Arundel.

“I imagine,” replied Sir John, “that no one possessed of feelings of delicacy, would ever allude to his own family, unless he could do so in terms of praise and approbation. Lady Hammond is an excellent woman in every respect; and I can conscientiously say, that I believe few married people have ever lived so happily and well together, as we have done; and yet perhaps, you could have no stronger instance of the truth of what I have advanced. You know, Lady Hammond and myself were first cousins; and as both our families were exceedingly desirous of seeing the two properties united, we were absolutely brought up together, and our intimacy encouraged by every possible means; so that it was natural to suppose that we should know every turn and bent of each other’s dispo-

sition. Soon after I attained my majority, we married, and were, I really believe, as much in love with each other as any two people ever were. Well, I assure you, it was three or four years before we were thoroughly comfortable and happy together, before we had learnt each other's ways, and knew how to make those little mutual concessions, which are so necessary to happiness, and yet are perhaps more difficult to make than important sacrifices. But come, while I have been lecturing here, I have let half the day slip away—I shall return home immediately, communicate to Lady Hammond what has passed, lecture Charles, and send the carriage in time to bring you and your sister to dinner. We are quite alone, so you will have nothing to interfere with you ; and if you prefer it, you can live in complete privacy. So now adieu for the present—of course you will prepare your sister to be received by a father and mother, who will make no distinction between her and their other children.”

“ Oh Sir John!” said Arundel, seizing his hand; “you must think me very ungrateful, very insensible to all your goodness, but I have no words to thank you ; my heart is too full of such conflicting emotions.”

“I do not want your thanks, my dear boy, nor do you owe me any ; on the contrary, we must thank Miss Arundel for taking charge of my scapegrace of a son.”

Arundel assured him that his sister would be ready to depart at the hour named ; but excused himself for the same reasons he had given Dr. Powis. Sir John could not but approve his conduct ; and it was finally settled, that Arundel should remain at Rosedale till the funeral was over, when he would remove to Hammond Place ; and satisfied with this arrangement, the worthy baronet took his departure.

Arundel had now to undertake a task which puzzled him not a little ; and that was, to break to his sister all that had passed in such a way as to spare her any violent emotion, which she was ill able to bear. He went slowly up to the room which had been always known as Miss Ellen's boudoir, revolving in his mind how to begin. When he went in, he was quite alarmed at the state of nervous anxiety in which he found her ; she had seen Sir John ride up to the house, and from the length of his visit, and his not asking to see her, had conjectured, that she and Charles must have been the subject of conversation ; while, from what she felt to be an

uncivil neglect, she augured nothing good. She was looking out of window, watching Sir John, as he rode fast away; but upon hearing her brother enter the room, she flew to him, and exclaimed: "Oh Henry! tell me all; I can bear anything but this dreadful suspense."

"My dearest sister," said he, "compose yourself; I have no bad news for you:" and seeing her incredulous look, he felt the best way would be to tell her exactly how matters stood. Beginning therefore from the commencement, he stated to her the whole conversation, as far as regarded herself and Charles Hammond.

When she understood that Sir John gave his consent to their marriage, the sudden revulsion of feeling was too much for her, and she sunk into a chair in a fit of hysterical crying. This however did not last long—the first words she uttered were, "Oh that my mother had lived to give me her blessing this day; how have I deserved so much happiness? Oh Henry, what can you think of me, when you hear me talking of happiness at such a moment?—how selfish I must appear to you!" and she again burst into tears. Arundel endeavoured to soothe her, and at last succeeded; though it was a long time before he could persuade her to go to Lady

Hammond's that evening. At length she yielded, on Arundel's promising to accompany her, with the understanding that he should return in an hour or two to sleep at Rosedale.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the meantime, Sir John returned as fast as his horse could carry him to his own house, and proceeded, without loss of time, to inform his wife of all that had happened, and the arrangements that he had made. Lady Hammond was, as Sir John had truly said, an excellent person in every sense of the word; she had been very handsome, and was still a most pleasing looking matronly woman. Without being clever, she had a sufficient stock of plain good sense for all the purposes of life. She looked up to her husband with pride and affection, and was firmly convinced that whatever he said or did was right; and as she had brought up all her children with the same notions, Sir John had the

happiness of enjoying that most rare of all reputations, that of being "a prophet in his own country." After all, if a woman wishes to enjoy a quiet, peaceable life, it is by no means a bad calculation to set up her husband as a sort of oracle, whose decisions are to be considered as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Sir John says this, or Sir John thinks that, is a very convenient mode of putting an end to a discussion or enforcing a command; and I earnestly advise all married ladies to give it their serious consideration. The pleasantest way of reigning, after all, is by throwing all responsibility on the shoulders of some one else.

To proceed with our story. Lady Hammond had been all along aware of the probability of her son's becoming attached to Miss Arundel; and, though she had at first insinuated something about Charles doing better with his fortune and expectations, yet when she found that her husband had set his heart upon the plan, she instantly withdrew her opposition, and was prepared to receive Ellen with all the affection of her warm heart. She felt, too, a good deal shocked at the sudden death of Mrs. Arundel. They had been friends in early youth; and

although the latter had never of late years been upon intimate terms with any of her neighbours, and had refused all the numerous invitations to Hammond Place, yet she had always seemed pleased when they did meet, and had shown a great partiality for Charles Hammond, whose intimacy with her son she had encouraged by all the means in her power. No one hears with indifference of the death of an acquaintance of the same age with one's-self; and Lady Hammond's thoughts reverted with a sigh to the time when Mrs. Arundel and herself had appeared, for the first time, as brides and rival beauties at the county balls. The time that had elapsed since that period had passed swiftly, and how differently had it fared with the two friends. The one, deprived of her fortune and her husband early in life, had sunk into a premature grave, after a continual struggle, if not with absolute poverty, at least with narrow circumstances. The other had continued growing in prosperity and honours, and as yet scarcely felt the rude touch of time. She could not help asking herself how she had deserved so different a lot; and these thoughts gradually softened down into compassion for the unprotected state of the daughter of her early friend; while she

felt happy in the thought that the task of softening her affliction was thus as it were to be entrusted to one of her family. Under the inspiration of these feelings, she told Sir John that she would go herself to fetch Ellen, that she might feel more at her ease on her arrival at Hammond Place; and then declaring that the girls ought to be told of the footing on which Miss Arundel stood with regard to their brother, she departed in quest of them.

As soon as she had left the room, Sir John sent to tell his son that he wished to see him, and endeavoured to persuade himself that he ought to be very angry with him; for, although he had no objection to his falling in love with Miss Arundel, and indeed had done all he could to encourage his attachment, he was by no means pleased to find that Charles had entered into a positive engagement without consulting him; although, from motives of delicacy, he had said nothing on the subject to Arundel. He had rather arbitrary ideas of paternal authority, and felt that Charles had shown a want of confidence in him, which he had neither deserved nor expected.

“Charles,” said he, when his son entered the room, “I have just returned from Rosedale,

where I found our friends in the greatest affliction. Poor Mrs. Arundel died last night."

"Good God! sir, how shocking!" cried his son. "I had no idea she was so ill. Dear Mrs. Arundel, I shall never forget her goodness to me;" and Charles tried to hide the tears which trickled down his face, as he called to mind a thousand acts of kindness he had received at her hands; he felt, moreover, that his never having called at Rosedale since his return, which his promise to Arundel had effectually prevented, must have struck his old friend as being very ungrateful. Then his thoughts took another turn, "And how is El—Miss Arundel?—how does she bear it?"

"Miss Arundel," said Sir John, "is of course in great affliction; but most fortunately, or rather most providentially, her brother arrived last night from London, in time to close his mother's eyes. So far she is not unprotected. Of course you conclude that my first impulse was to beg them to come over to Hammond Place, (Charles began to look rather foolish,) that they might no longer have before their eyes scenes which could only serve to keep alive their affliction; and great, I confess, was my sorrow—I

may say indignation—to find that your conduct had deprived them of that resource.”

“ My conduct, sir !” exclaimed his son.

“ Yes, Charles, yours ; your clandestine engagement with Miss Arundel compelled her brother to decline my offer. He is the very soul of honour, and would not consent to let his sister inhabit my house, while she was under an engagement to the son without the approbation, or even knowledge, of the father.”

“ Oh my father !” exclaimed Charles, “ I have acted very foolishly—very ill ; but not so much so, I hope, as you appear to think. I promised Ellen to ask for your consent so soon as I took my degree ; but when Arundel found it out, he made me give my word of honour to take no further steps till he had seen his sister ; I had hopes—I felt sure you must love her, as everybody else does ; but as all that is over, you shall see, sir, that if I have been wrong, I know how to repair it. I will leave Hammond Place directly. Send to say they may come here without fear ; I will promise to see Ellen no more, but do not let them be without a home. Poor Ellen !—what a situation ; no woman near her, and her mother dead in the house ; and Henry, too ! first I have ruined him, and now I deprive

him of your friendship. For God's sake, sir, send directly !— they will not find me here when they arrive.”

Sir John was too much pleased with the good feeling his son evinced, though not a little amused by his wrongheadedness, to interrupt him, till he had fairly spoken himself out of breath. He then said, “ I think, Charles, I have always shown myself an affectionate father; and I do not see why you should imagine I am now going to assume a new character. If you had had a little more confidence in me, you would have saved yourself, and those you love, considerable anxiety. However, you need not be just yet in such a violent hurry to run away. I have had a long conversation with your friend Arundel; and the result of it is, that Miss Arundel will consent to come this evening to this house, of which I trust she will one day or other be the mistress, though I confess I am in no hurry to see that day arrive.”

Charles, hardly daring to trust his ears at this un hoped-for confirmation of his happiness, seized his father's hand; and, kissing it, proceeded to give vent to his joy in a thousand extravagant unconnected exclamations. At length his father obtained a moment's silence.

“Arundel,” said Sir John, “from a very proper feeling of delicacy, will not leave Rosedale till after the funeral is over. His sister, no doubt, will be so much fatigued and agitated with the various emotions to which she has been exposed, that it would be cruel to subject her to anything more this evening; and therefore I think you cannot give her a better proof of your affection and reasonableness than by going over and sleeping at Rosedale. Henry is quite alone, and probably the presence of a friend will be a real comfort to him.”

Charles gulped down, as well as he could, the vexation this proposal caused him; for what man, and a young man too, would not feel vexed at being obliged to postpone seeing his mistress for twenty-four hours, even were the object to comfort his dearest friend. He consented, however, with a tolerably good grace.

“Well, then,” said his father, “you shall start on horseback an hour after the carriage, and go across the fields, so that you will run no risk of meeting Miss Arundel; and I will ride part of the way with you, as I want to charge you with a commission for your friend.”

In the meantime the hours past on at Rosedale; and a short time before the carriage was

expected, Ellen begged her brother to accompany her to her mother's room, that she might once more look on the parent she had so tenderly loved. He tried to dissuade her; but finding her bent upon it, they both entered the room together. Mrs. Arundel's illness had been so short, and the latter part of it so free from pain, that her features retained, even in death, the character of placid benevolence that had distinguished them during life. An indifferent observer would have thought she slept, so little was she changed. Her children reverently approached the bed in which she lay, and, kneeling down together, continued for some time in silent and earnest prayer. What soothes the mourner more than the idea that the departed spirit is not indifferent to the weal or woe of those it loved on earth? at least so felt Ellen, as, bursting into a passion of tears, she threw herself on the bed, and called upon her mother to look down upon her and bless her. Henry's entreaties at length prevailed on her to calm herself, and, pressing one long kiss on the cold lips, she left the room. In a few minutes, the Hammond carriage arrived; and, to Ellen's surprise and embarrassment, Lady Hammond alighted from it.

“ I am come to fetch my daughter,” said she, “ to the home which I trust she will always consider her own. My dear Ellen, you have lost your best friend; but you have many left, who will endeavour to replace her.”

Ellen was so overwhelmed with this reception, that she could hardly articulate a few words in reply. Arundel came to her relief.

“ This is such unexpected kindness, that you must allow Ellen to show her gratitude in deeds, not words. Ellen, you had better not keep Lady Hammond waiting, as it is late. You do not now want me to go with you—so I shall wish you, not good bye, but good night, for I will come over early to-morrow and see you.”

Poor Ellen, hardly knowing what she did, suffered him to lead her to the carriage, followed by Lady Hammond; and they were soon on their way from Rosedale.

Arundel returned to his room, and endeavoured to occupy his mind by looking over the different books and accounts: which were, as usual, after any continued absence on his part, in considerable disorder, when he was roused by a ring at the door bell, and in walked Charles Hammond.

“ Arundel, my dear friend,” said he, “ will you give me a bed and a dinner, for I mean to spend the evening with you?”

“This is kind, indeed, Charles; I can fully appreciate the sacrifice, but I am not selfish enough to accept it.”

“Nay, I must not take more credit for it than I deserve; my father first suggested it to me, for he thinks Ellen will be too much fatigued to see any one to-night, so he sent me over to keep you company. How is she?”

“Why,” replied Arundel, “I hope a day or two’s rest will set her up again; for, to say truth, she wants it.”

“I am sure I do not wonder at it; and you, my dear Henry, how do you feel? Do you forgive me for being the cause of your expulsion? If you do, it is more than I can myself.”

“There is nothing to forgive,” replied Arundel. “I knew the risk I ran, and I voluntarily stood the chance; and after all, I only did for you what you would have done for me.”

“Tell me, Arundel; your poor mother must have thought it very unkind in me never to have called on her, so good as she was to me; did she not say so?”

Arundel satisfied him on this head; and soon after dinner was announced, which passed over in silence. When the servant left the room, Hammond began fidgetting about on his chair,

evidently wishing to speak, and not very well knowing how to begin. Arundel was at first too much absorbed in thought to pay attention to him ; but at length, observing his uneasiness, he said, “ Come, out with it, Charles ; I know your ways of old.”

“ Well, then,” said Charles, “ I have a message to you from my father. You cannot think how grieved he is at your expulsion from Cambridge, knowing, as he does, how completely it ruins your prospects in every way. I need not add how entirely I agree with him in this feeling. He desires me to say that as his son has been the cause of such a misfortune, his son is bound to repair it as much as possible ; that if you wish to diminish his regret in any degree, and I must add my remorse, for I have felt it more than I can describe—indeed, I believe if I had killed you out shooting, I should not have been so much grieved. (“ Thank you,” said Arundel.) No, you need not say thank me in that manner. I know what you mean ; but where was I ? Oh ! my father authorizes me to say that he hopes you will allow me so far to repair the mischief I have done, as to consent to divide with me my grandfather’s property ; stop—hear me out before you speak ; that, you know, is two thousand

pounds a year—one thousand a year a-piece, till he can obtain for you some place of equal value; and he proposes, if agreeable to you, to try to get you a secretaryship to some embassy; and when you have once got your foot on the ladder, you are certain of rising to the head of your profession. He thinks that your expulsion will not affect you in that career; and besides you know his two seats in parliament give him a certain influence; or, if you prefer it, he will at once settle one thousand pounds a year on you; and if you feel you can support ministers generally, he will bring you unshackled into parliament as soon as you are of age.”

“I am sure,” replied Arundel, “I need not tell you how sensible I am of your father’s kindness; and be assured that I am not the less grateful for his offer, that I decline it altogether. I have enough to live upon; and even if I had not, my principles would not allow me to eat the bread of dependence, so long as I have it in my power to provide for my subsistence. The diplomatic profession is one for which I have always felt the greatest aversion. Nor, to tell you the truth, would I consent to accept any favour from the present government, whose political system I entirely disapprove. The same

reason of course would prevent my accepting the offer of a seat in parliament upon the terms you mention, had I the least wish to do so ; but I have not. I have my way to make in the world, and a parliamentary existence requires the undivided attention of any one who embraces it with the conscientious determination to do his duty. In my opinion, a man ought to be thoroughly independent in his circumstances before he aspires to a seat in parliament, or he will find it extremely difficult to place himself above the suspicion of interested motives ; and a public man, like Cæsar's wife, ought not even to be suspected. Now I have not these qualifications ; I am very poor, and my whole time is already devoted to another purpose, which absorbs all my thoughts, and demands all my energies. Besides, do you think me so selfish as to accept a seat in parliament, which I know has been kept for you ; and knowing, too, with what pride and impatience Sir John is looking forward to the time which is to give a second Chatham to England, in your person ? And now, as this is rather a painful topic to me, and I have given you not only a refusal, but the reasons for that refusal, which must prove to you that my mind is quite made up on the subject ; let me beg of

you to drop it for ever, as no circumstances can alter my determination."

Hammond knew his friend too well to attempt to reason him out of his resolution, although he thought he pushed his delicacy to an absurd extent; and he could not help saying, "I think you over fastidious; but I shall not press the matter further; only I must say that you indulge your pride and overstrained delicacy without any regard to the feelings of your friends. My father I know will be much hurt; I will not speak now of myself; but recollect that the very essence of friendship, such as I had hoped ours was, consists as much in knowing how to be obliged as in obliging. There is little generosity in the determination you evince, to keep me so immensely your debtor."

"My dear Charles," replied Arundel, "you are now talking like a child; the only obligation you are under to me, is that once I was your second in a duel, an act involving no great stretch of friendship. The circumstances resulting from that act, being quite accidental and unforeseen, can certainly not be said to increase the obligation, and therefore have nothing to do with the question. The case therefore stands thus.—I gave you a very ordinary proof of friendship, for

which you propose to give me a pecuniary recompense. To this I have one very simple answer.—I do not sell my friendship. But enough of this style of argument. If ever I want assistance of a pecuniary or any other nature, you know full well there is no man on earth to whom I would apply sooner than to you; and if you still persist in thinking yourself my debtor, as you are pleased to express it, I will point out a way in which you can not only cancel the debt, but return the obligation a hundred fold, and that is, by making my sister happy.”

A warm squeeze of the hand was the reply, and a silence of some minutes ensued. At length Hammond said, “Well, what do you mean to do?—and what is this wonderful object to which you have devoted yourself?”

“I have not arranged my plans sufficiently yet to enter into a full explanation; but you shall know all before long.”

With this answer Hammond was obliged to content himself, and soon after the two young men separated for the night.

The next day, soon after breakfast, they rode over to Hammond Place, and found all the family assembled in the drawing-room, with the exception of Ellen, who was in her own room,

and who sent to beg her brother to come up stairs, as soon as she heard of his arrival. He found her much better in looks and spirits than he could have expected, and more resembling the Ellen of former days than he had seen her since her return. He looked at her for some minutes with pride and pleasure; and certainly it did not require the partial eye of a brother to find out that she was worthy of admiration. Her beauty was of that sort which seems peculiar to the daughters of the north. The soft melting blue eyes—the fair silken ringlets parting over a forehead whiter than alabaster—the pure transparent skin, just tinged with the most delicate carnation, all proclaimed her of British birth; while her slender figure, cast in the most perfect mould of symmetry, somewhat perhaps above the common height of woman, possessed a dignity and grace that seemed to attest the purity of her blood, and the antiquity of her lineage.

“I am so glad to see you,” said she, addressing her brother. “I want you to go down stairs with me; I am almost afraid to go down alone. They are really too kind to me. I should feel more comfortable if they would not always be studying what is to make me so. They seem to think of nothing but me; and I am not quite

used to it yet;" and after a pause, she added, "Is Charles come back with you?"

"That is a question I need not answer; if you will turn your head, you may see him walking with Sir John in the flower garden. If you want to get over the awkwardness of a first meeting, you cannot have a better opportunity. Put on your bonnet, and we will go and meet them *by accident*."

Ellen made no answer, but was ready in a minute; and on the two parties meeting, Sir John took Arundel by the arm, and the two lovers were left by themselves.

"Ellen, my Ellen," began Charles; when he was interrupted by Miss Arundel, who said,

"Charles, I am very glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you alone. I wished to explain to you what you must already feel—that for the present, I cannot allow you to make any allusion to our situation. I am too unhappy—too miserable to think of anything but that my poor mother—Oh Charles! you would not wish it yourself; you know how she loved you; do not add to my affliction by using language which my present situation forbids me to listen to. Promise me you will only treat me as one of your sisters."

“ I will do anything you wish,” said Charles, with a look that contrasted strangely with his words ; “ but surely my duty, my privilege is to share your afflictions as I would your pleasures, and alleviate your sorrows as I would add to your happiness. Nay, I have done, do not leave me ;” as he fancied he saw Miss Arundel disposed to withdraw her arm from his ; “ only tell me you were not angry with me for running away last night.”

“ How could I be angry with what was so considerate, so dear of you. You could not have pleased me more than by your kindness to poor Henry. It made me very melancholy to leave him all alone, till Lady Hammond told me you were going over to him ; so far from being angry, or even annoyed, it made me——”

“ What, Ellen ?” said Hammond, seeing she paused for a moment.

“ I was going to say it made me like you better.”

“ Only like ?”

A gentle pressure on his arm gave him a more satisfactory reply than words could probably have done. Now Hammond had pretty well anticipated what Ellen’s answer would be, when he asked her if she had felt angry with him the

night before; and he had thrown it out as a sort of decoy to turn the conversation back to the point from which he had started. The calculation was not so bad; and finding it had succeeded, he proceeded to follow up his advantage. Love scenes, however, are proverbially uninteresting to all but the parties concerned; and, therefore, we will content ourselves with stating that before they were rejoined by Arundel and Sir John, *my Ellen*—which, by the bye, had been improved into *my own Ellen*—had said something to *my dear Charles* which put him into the highest good humour for the rest of the day.

In the meantime the conversation between Sir John Hammond and Arundel had been of a highly interesting nature to both of them. The former, who had already heard from Charles of the bad success of his negociation, had again attempted to press his offers in the most delicate manner; but he was met by a refusal so decided, although couched in the most respectful and grateful terms, that he reluctantly gave up the point, and was obliged to confess to himself, that his esteem and admiration were, if possible, increased for the young man; who, proud of his independence, and confident in his own resources, determined to work out his fortunes alone and

unassisted. Arundel, without at the present moment fully explaining his projects, hinted at the possibility of his going abroad shortly, and no longer offered any objection to his sister's marriage taking place as soon as the mourning for his mother should be over. It was therefore arranged that Charles and Ellen should be united as soon as the former should attain his majority, which would be in ten months' time; and Sir John expressed his determination to send him to travel abroad till that period arrived. It was further agreed that as soon as the funeral was over, Arundel should endeavour to let Rosedale, and fix his residence at Hammond Place as long as he remained in the north. It was further settled between the high contracting powers, that Miss Arundel should remain there also till her marriage. This arrangement suited Arundel perfectly, as the only obstacle to his going abroad was now removed; and he had the pleasure of knowing that his sister would be living in the midst of a family who loved and appreciated her, and of which she was soon to become a member. Everything being thus settled to their mutual satisfaction, they all four returned to the house, and Arundel soon after took his leave on his return home.

The days that intervened between this period and that of the funeral, had nothing to mark them, except a letter that Arundel received from Serjeant Owen, in reply to one he had written on his arrival in the north, in which he had informed him of the position in which he was placed, and the little probability there was of being able to proceed to France as soon as he had hoped. He had therefore begged that a deputation to the National Assembly, in which the Serjeant was anxious to include him, might not be delayed on his account. This letter had discomposed Owen not a little. He felt that the names of the members of the society were, for the most part, unknown to the world; and a deputation coming from them was not very likely to excite much interest at Paris. He had consequently seen the great advantage of having Arundel amongst them, whose name was an historical one, and whose family had played a conspicuous part in public affairs in nearly each successive reign since the Conquest. He had laboured, therefore, amongst his colleagues, to obtain the adjournment of their mission, but in vain; and he now wrote to announce this result to Arundel, and to condole with him on what he supposed would be a great disappointment to him. In this, however, he was mistaken; in the enthusiasm of the moment

Arundel had been hurried on to give his acquiescence to Owen's plan ; but, upon reflection, he felt all the advantage he should derive, from arriving at Paris unconnected with, or at least unpledged to, any party ; and he congratulated himself upon hearing that he would now have it in his power to make the observations and inquiries necessary for his guidance, before he could be called upon in any way to commit himself.

At length the day arrived, on which Mrs. Arundel's remains were to be consigned to the tomb. The magnificent mausoleum of the Arundel family had been reserved from the general sale of the property ; and it was there that her body was to be laid, by the side of her husband, amidst the marble monuments and tattered banners, displaying the armorial bearings of his race. Strange, that the vanity of man should follow him to the charnel house ! that he should still seek to surround himself with the vain pomp of heraldry, and the insignia of rank and power, when reduced to that state which levels all distinctions, where the son of the bondsman is on an equality with the mightiest monarch ! Such, however, were not the thoughts of Arundel, as he accompanied the melancholy procession. He

felt a degree of satisfaction and pride in the idea, that although others, while living, might rule over the ancient possessions of his house, the mouldering bones of his ancestors still retained possession of the soil, as if their spirits protested from the tomb against the disinheritanee of their descendant. These distempered workings of the imagination seemed to acquire a sort of reality, when on approaching the gates of the park, through which they had to pass, he found all the tenants of the estate, who had most of them held farms for many generations under the Arundel family, drawn out to accompany the widow of their last landlord to her silent home. Arundel was deeply affected by this proof of attachment; and as he gazed upon the features of many a well-known face, something seemed to whisper to him, that the day would come, when he should pass those gates as the master of the broad domain that lay before him. His morbid sensibility had never allowed him to enter Arundel Castle, since he had been carried from it on the day when his father left it for ever; and he had even endeavoured as much as possible, when at Rosedale, to direct his walks and rides in a contrary direction. Still, he was well known to all his father's old tenants,

and his affable manners, and the constant interest he manifested for their welfare, had greatly increased the attachment with which in England the yeoman and the peasant invariably regard the members of the family which has been for a length of time connected with them, by the ties of neighbourhood and good offices.

In no country in the world does this feeling exist, as it does with us. The sports of the field, the occupations of agriculture, a similarity of interests and tastes, all combine to promote a good understanding between every class of an agricultural population; and as nothing is so easy for a country gentleman, living on his own estate, as to conciliate the affections of his humbler neighbours, so I know nothing which gives a more unfavourable impression of him, than to find that he has not succeeded in so doing. But this warm attachment more particularly exists, where the land has remained for centuries in the same hands; and many years must elapse before the inhabitants of an estate can bring themselves to view with the eye of favour those who replace an ancient family. Benefits are unheeded, charity is lavished in vain; they cannot so soon change their idols, and are too apt to institute comparisons unfavourable to the last comer,

whom they generally look upon in the light of an usurper. But in Arundel's case, the circumstances were still stronger in his favour. He had been deprived of his property through no extravagance, no fault of his own, or even of his father's; and not being very acute reasoners, the old tenants and dependants could not avoid connecting an idea of injustice with the transaction which had disinherited him. They had no one to whom they could transfer their affections, for most of them had never even seen their new landlord; and they were only made aware of his existence, by the periodical visits of his steward, whose half-yearly exactions of rent took place with the most edifying punctuality.

Arundel's manners, too, were exactly of that sort which was calculated to ensure him popularity. Reserved, and even haughty with his equals, more perhaps from a dread of being led into expences he could ill afford, if he frequented their society, than from any distaste to it; he gave way in his intercourse with his inferiors, to the natural warmth of his heart, and benevolence of his disposition. He enquired into their concerns with interest, took part in their afflictions, and no case of real distress ever appealed to him in vain. True, the assistance he gave was

trifling, but the manner that accompanied it increased its value to tenfold; and as nothing is ever kept secret, it was well known that he practised the most rigid economy himself, in order to add to the comforts of his mother and sister.

At the door of the chapel, which formed part of the mausoleum, they were met by the whole Hammond family and Ellen, whom no entreaties had been able to keep away from the sad ceremony. Arundel was grieved to see that she had persisted in coming; but she bore the melancholy scene much better than he had dared to hope. The service was soon ended, and it was not till the coffin had been lowered into the vault, that she seemed to feel that her mother was indeed separated from her by an impassable barrier. She gave a faint low cry, so inexpressibly touching, that it thrilled through the hearts of every one present, and fell into a state of insensibility. Her brother took advantage of it to carry her to the carriage, which speedily conveyed her to Hammond Place, whither Arundel followed her as soon as he had fulfilled the last sad duties of filial affection.

The following day, Arundel explained to Sir John his future intentions. "I feel," said he, "that I have better chances of success in a new

state of society, than I can have here, where so many professions are closed against me, and where to succeed, one must have recourse to favour and protection, both of which are repugnant to my disposition. At all events, should I be disappointed, it will be no bad thing to see something of the world; and at the end of a year, for I fully intend returning for Ellen's marriage, perhaps the prejudices which my expulsion from Cambridge have raised against me, will have subsided, and I shall no longer have so many obstacles to encounter as I have at present. If the worst comes to the worst, why I shall return to Northumberland, and cultivate my paternal acres, which, with Hammond Place under my lee, will not be such a miserable existence after all."

Sir John did all he could to dissuade him from this plan, which he considered as the mere creation of a disordered brain. The circumstances of birth and long habit had confirmed him in those doctrines of high toryism, of which, at the present day, we can hardly form an idea. Monarchs he considered as positive emanations of the Deity; and all the gradations of the aristocracy, as so many representatives of the different orders of the celestial hierarchy. Any

attempts to limit the authority or diminish the prerogatives of the crown, were in his opinion crimes, which he always expected to see punished by some sudden and visible manifestation of the divine wrath.

These being his political views, it is easy to conjecture with what feelings he regarded the proceedings of the *Tiers Etat*, who had by this time assumed the name of National Assembly, and which he pictured to himself as a collection of every thing that was bad and vicious—an assemblage of needy adventurers and hardy ruffians, alike despicable for their vulgarity, their want of talent, and the meanness of their extraction, and only formidable from their audacity and total recklessness of the consequences of their measures. It is not therefore surprising, that when he heard Arundel express his admiration of their patriotism, and his intention of going to France with the avowed purpose of linking his fate with theirs, he should at first imagine that his brain had become disordered through the annoyances and grief which he had lately undergone; and he ventured to drop a hint about his endeavouring to compose himself, and the propriety of his seeing Dr. Powis; but when Arundel proceeded to argue on the sub-

ject in a manner that could leave no doubt as to his perfect sanity, his countenance showed the great concern under which he laboured.

“My dear Arundel,” said he, “believe a man who is more than double your age, and who has seen a great deal of the world; these mad projects can end in nothing but the ruin of their authors. I will say nothing of their criminality, but for God’s sake, consider for one instant the position in which these patriots, you admire so much, stand;—a few hundred factious ragamuffins, totally unsupported, except by the lowest rabble of Paris, who would join any cause that offered a fair prospect of riot and opportunities of plunder, undertake to dictate to one of the most powerful, most absolute sovereigns in Europe, with an immense army at his command, well-appointed and disciplined, and supported by all the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Why you might as well attempt to batter down that oak with a penny pop-gun. Luckily for them, they have to deal with a sovereign who carries his good nature and clemency to a fault; but rely upon it, when once he feels that they presume on this, so far as to direct audacious views against the majesty of his throne, he will sweep them from his path, as the sun dispels the morning fog.

“No, no, they know better than to awake the sleeping lion. And after all, what is it all about? Why, every body knows that the French were the happiest people in the world, and the most contented, till a set of cursed demagogues, for their own selfish purposes, tried to persuade them to the contrary. On this head I can speak from my own personal knowledge, for I was at Paris when the present king, then Dauphin, was married; and I saw nothing but happiness and good humour, cheerful faces, and merry voices; and certainly they had not then a monarch like the one they now have. Louis XV, I must admit, was not free from weakness; but his successor I firmly believe to be possessed of every virtue under the sun: and the Queen is an angel upon earth, if ever there was one.”

“I should have thought,” said Arundel, “that the fall of the Bastille gives a pretty fair sample of the king’s power.”

“Pooh!” said Sir John, rather nettled by this allusion; “who can guard against treachery? The Bastille, as I am credibly informed, was betrayed into the hands of the mob; indeed, your own good sense must convince you that a fortress of that description would have resisted the efforts of all Paris for years, if it had been

properly defended. As it was, it was only garrisoned by a few decrepid old soldiers, and the Governor proved himself nothing but an old woman. And you, Arundel, with the best blood in the three kingdoms flowing in your veins, to associate yourself with a set of low blackguards, who will only pick your pocket, and laugh at you for your pains. No, if you must go to France, you will find many opportunities of entering upon a career worthy of your name, your talents, and your birth. You could easily enter into the Gardes du Corps, the first military body in Europe, and there your advancement will be sure and rapid."

"Yes," replied Arundel; "but I cannot offer my services to a cause I do not approve. I think the French nation, for I cannot separate them in my ideas from their representatives, are engaged in a just struggle for the recovery of their rights, of which they have been long deprived, it is true, but to which they have an indefeasible claim; and I wish them success from the bottom of my heart. The king has rights, and the nation has rights; let each enjoy what fairly belongs to them, and respect that which belongs to the other. I am quite aware, that it is most probable that the people rank

among their defenders, many vulgar persons, many illiterate persons, and very possibly many vicious persons; from the latter, I hope I shall keep myself free—as for the others, I shall always esteem honesty and virtuous actions, as more than an equivalent for high rank or an illustrious descent.”

“That is all cant,” cried Sir John, who began to wax rather warm; “I do not believe any man ever despised the advantages of birth, if he possessed them himself. Those who do not, perhaps, may endeavour to conceal their mortification, by railing at them; but they deceive no one—every body perceives why *the grapes are sour*.”

“Nor do I pretend to despise them,” said Arundel; “on the contrary, perhaps I rate them too highly; all I contend for is, that a man born in the lowest class, may be a more estimable member of society than the prince on the throne. But you will oblige me by allowing me to drop the discussion, as my mind is made up on the subject; that is to say, as far as my journey to Paris is concerned: for I have fully determined not to commit myself in any way, till I have satisfied myself by my own observation, as to the course it will be proper for me to

pursue when there. In the mean time, I hope we shall be able to arrange so that Charles and I may start at the same time, and then we can go together as far as Paris, for I suppose you intend him to go there first."

This was an unlucky hit on the part of Arundel, and it must be confessed, did not show much tact. Sir John had by no means recovered his equanimity, which had been sadly discomposed during the whole of this discussion; and this proposal of Arundel's quite transported him beyond the bounds of moderation, and he exclaimed, with a vehemence very unusual to him, "No—by God, I would as soon think of sending him to hell."

But with this explosion all his wrath evaporated at once, and ashamed of having allowed himself to be betrayed into such a violent language, he began walking up and down the room in great agitation;—at last he continued:

"No, Arundel; it is just possible that your steady head may carry you through the dangers you are so unnecessarily courting, unscathed; but as for allowing any son of mine, particularly with Charles's disposition, to run after every novelty that happens to strike his imagination, to stay for an hour in such a hot bed of atheism

and sedition as Paris is at this moment, I would as soon think of firing a loaded pistol into a barrel of gunpowder. He shall spend the next year in Germany, and if you are wise, you will go with him."

Arundel shook his head; but felt, that as far as regarded Charles, his father was acting a prudent part in keeping him out of harm's way; and seeing Sir John a little calmer, he again repeated his determination to take no important step till after mature deliberation.

"Well," said Sir John, "if you really act up to that resolution, I have no doubt you will return before two months are over, thoroughly disgusted with all these new fangled doctrines of equality and liberty, which are only other words for a general plunder of the rich, and unbridled licentiousness for all; but I will say no more about it. I am sorry I should have shown so little command over myself; but you must be aware I could have no object in view but your good; and I confess I do not know when I have felt so much sorrow as at seeing a young man, for whom I have so much esteem and affection as yourself, throwing yourself headlong into the arms of a set of blackguard democrats. I wish you well through it; but I much fear you will

find it no easy matter to divest yourself of party prejudice, and examine into the merits of the case with the calmness of a philosopher. And now, my dear Henry, we will say nothing more on this subject; let me know if you have made any arrangements about Rosedale, and if I can be of any use to you."

"I hear," said Arundel, "that there is a Mr. Cooper who would like to take it as a hunting-box, and he offers one hundred pounds a year for it. I think I cannot do better than accept the offer. You have been so kind to me and mine already, that I am encouraged to ask another favour of you. You know I shall not be of age for some months, and Ellen is only seventeen. I understand it will be necessary for us to have a guardian; and if you would undertake that office, which I trust will not be a very troublesome one, I should feel it as a great obligation. The farm is let for three hundred and fifty pounds a year, on which two thousand pounds are settled for poor dear Ellen. Of course I should wish her to receive the interest regularly; and if you will allow it on her marriage to remain on mortgage, I should prefer it to borrowing the sum elsewhere. I find, too, my poor mother has left debts to the amount of be-

tween three and four hundred pounds: if you could advance me that sum, it would be greatly adding to my obligations to you. I think I have now fully redeemed the promise I made Charles of applying to you if I ever wanted assistance."

"To be sure I will," said Sir John; "and I am delighted at last to find you will condescend to make use of your friends, although, from the ceremonious manner in which you do it, one would think you had been asking for some mighty favour. You must have the act constituting me your guardian, drawn up as you pass through London; I suppose there is some form necessary; but I will give you the address of my attorney, who will take care all is properly done. You had better send your mother's creditors to me—I will examine their claims, and have them settled; and as you will want money abroad, you must let me advance you a year's income, which I will repay myself out of the rents as I receive them, deducting the interest of two thousand pounds for Miss Arundel as long as she remains Miss Arundel; for as to taking the two thousand pounds when she marries Charles, that is quite out of the question."

"That determination," said Arundel, "if persisted in, I must consider as equivalent to

breaking off the marriage. We are not rich, but we are not beggars. I am sure, Sir John, you will not persist in a proposal, that only serves to hurt the feelings of one you profess to feel a friendship for."

"I tell you what it is, my boy," said Sir John, endeavouring, though unsuccessfully, to keep his temper; "your d——d pride and obstinacy will end by being your ruin. Mark my words; but have your own way—act just as you think fit—I wash my hands of it;" and so saying, he recommenced his peripatetic exercises.

"Why, Sir John, after all," said Arundel, half smiling, "I am only reminding you of your duty to your ward; you are bound to take care of her fortune for her."

"Yes, and when I am your guardian, it will be my duty to make you act with common sense."

Arundel was rather startled at this hint, and hastened to say, "But I consider you upon honour, sir, not to interfere with the arrangements which have already, in a manner, received your sanction."

"My sanction!" exclaimed Sir John; "what do you mean by that? But, however, make yourself quite easy; you may go to the devil

your own way—I shall not interfere. Young man, you have made me swear more in one hour than I have done for years. This is the beginning of your fine plans: what will be the end of them, God only knows.”

Arundel saw that the worthy Baronet was greatly excited, and felt provoked with himself for being the occasion of it. Taking him by the hand, he said, “Forgive me, my dear sir, if I have said anything disrespectful; you must know that nothing could be further from my intentions. I should detest myself if I were capable of such ingratitude.”

“I know you are not, my dear Arundel,” cried Sir John; “never mind what I have said; I am out of humour with every body and everything, and I must see if I cannot gallop it off before dinner; so till then, adieu!”

CHAPTER V.

ARUNDEL now proceeded to prepare his sister for his departure, which he had fixed for the evening of the following day. As she had anticipated this event, she was easily reconciled to it, although she endeavoured to persuade him to postpone it for a little time longer. He explained to her all the arrangements he had made with Sir John for both of them, and assured her that she should see him again before twelve months had elapsed.

“Recollect, Ellen,” said he, in conclusion, “that neither time nor distance will make any diminution in the affection I bear you. You are about to form new connections, and are already surrounded by a family who love and admire you: I stand alone in the world, with only your affec-

tion to bind me to it. Do not let new ties or new friendships usurp my place in your heart; you will never find any one to love you better.

Ellen assured him he had nothing to fear on that head, and promised to be very punctual in her correspondence. They were interrupted by Charles, who burst into the room, looking as if he was out of his senses.

“Do you know, Arundel,” cried he, “that my father is going to send me abroad for a year, and that I am to go up to town with you to-morrow? Did you ever hear anything half so absurd or tyrannical? But I won’t go—I don’t see why I am always to be treated like a child.”

“Hush, Charles!” said Ellen; “you do not know what you are saying.”

“Oh yes! I dare say you do not care for my going away for a whole year: perhaps you would not mind if I never came back;” rejoined her lover.

“Oh, Charles! how can you be so unjust, so unkind! I did not expect this from you.” Charles was at her feet in a moment.

“Forgive me, Ellen; I did not mean what I said; but this plan has made me so unhappy, when we were so comfortable here altogether, so happy—to have it all put an end to, and for no

earthly reason that I can see. Say you are a little sorry, Ellen."

"You know I am very sorry ;" replied she ; "how can I be otherwise, when I lose you and Henry at once?—but a year will soon be over—you know you have promised to come back in a year, Henry ; you will not disappoint me."

Arundel assured her he would not, if it depended upon himself; "and as for you, Charles," continued he, "I tell you fairly that I am quite ashamed of you ; you, who ought to be the person to reconcile Ellen to what is inevitable, do all you can to add to her affliction. Depend upon it, Sir John does not send you abroad without having well considered it ; and indeed I do not think that Ellen could have remained with propriety at Hammond Place, if you were to have been its constant inhabitant : so, by opposing Sir John, you would be only defeating your own object. You will deserve to be treated like a child, if you continue to act like one."

"It is very easy for you to preach resignation and so forth ; you are not in love," said Hammond.

"What !" cried Arundel, "do you think it is an easy matter for a man to abandon his home ; to leave all those he loves, to lead in fact the

life of an exile from his native land, and not to feel it ! You go to travel abroad for a year, during which time you will have nothing to do but amuse and instruct yourself ; at the end of that time you return to your happy home—you marry the woman you love—you become a member of the legislature—you may attain every honour an Englishman can aspire to ; and you have nothing to look forward to but a life of prosperity and happiness. I, on the other hand, go abroad to seek my fortunes unaided, and even if I succeed, I must expect a long succession of struggles and privations. If ever you feel discontented with your lot, compare it with mine, and judge which has the most reason to repine.”

“I feel I have been very selfish ;” said Charles ; “but your destiny is your own choice—one word from your mouth puts it on a level with mine.”

“It is my own choice,” replied his friend ; “and I tell you now, that I would not at this moment exchange it for yours. I will yet coin honours and distinctions for myself. But come, I am becoming egotistical ; I am glad to hear we are going to London together to-morrow, and as I have much to do at the cottage, I will ride over there now. By-the-bye, Ellen, Sir John has had the goodness to send over for old Mabel,

who is to resume her functions of lady's-maid; he thought you would like to have your old nurse about you."

The following day Arundel and Charles Hammond took their departure for London. Sir John, on taking leave of Arundel, gave him a letter for the British Ambassador at Paris, who was a relation of his, and with whom he was still more intimately connected by the ties of friendship. "I have merely told him," said he, "that you are a ward of mine, without saying a word as to the purpose you have in view in visiting Paris. I have begged of him to make it as pleasant to you as he can, and to take care of you. You will find him a very pleasant, well informed man, and the more you see of him, the more you will like him; I strongly recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance, and he will put you in the way of seeing what good French society really is;" and with this advice Arundel promised to comply, as he did not see the necessity of sacrificing the habits and intercourse of polished life to his political feelings.

The day after their arrival in London, Charles started for Harwich, from which part he was to embark, according to Sir John's wishes, after taking an affectionate leave of his friend, and

mutual promises of correspondence having been exchanged between them. This separation made Arundel feel rather low, and with a view to turn his thoughts into another channel, he determined to visit Serjeant Owen. He found that worthy laid up with a severe fit of the gout, and not in the best possible humour. As soon as he saw Arundel enter, he cried out,

“ Ah ! so you are come at last, when you can be of no use. I suppose you know our deputation, which I meant you to join, started last week ; I tried to stop them, but I fancy they thought the fate of France depended upon their being in Paris on a certain day, like a pack of fools as they are.”

“ I explained to you,” replied Arundel, “ the circumstances, which made it absolutely impossible for me to leave home before. I am now on my way to Paris, for which place I shall set out at the end of this week. But I am sorry to find you laid up in flannels : how long have you been unwell ? ”

“ Oh ! I forget—not long—I hope the worst is over ; though every now and then I have a severe twitch. But don’t take notice of me—I hate it, it always makes me worse ; and I never let any body in to see me, when I am ill, though

I could not help making an exception in your favour."

"Well! and how goes on the Society? Is it much increased?"

"Oh! d—n the Society—that is, I mean the gout—oh! the Society flourishes prodigiously, too much so, perhaps. It is taking another turn. I am half afraid the direction of it will fall into bad hands. We have got a set of young men, who talk of nothing but republican doctrines, and the necessity of purging the earth of kings and priests. A republic is a very fine thing in theory. Perhaps in a new country it may answer. America is trying the experiment; we shall see how it answers there: but to give it a chance of success in Europe, it would be necessary to remodel society from the very foundation, and not only root out our prejudices, but change the current of all our feelings and affections, and I for one am not prepared to try the experiment."

"Well, but if I remember right," said Arundel, "you were not always of this opinion; I think you once said that the time would arrive, when the people would govern themselves, and hereditary privileges would be abolished."

"There is nothing incompatible," resumed

Owen, "with that opinion and what I have just said. Whenever the people really choose their own representatives, and those representatives possess their proper influence, the people may fairly be said to govern themselves. I know you may say, that if hereditary legislators are an absurd anomaly in the constitution, *a fortiori*, an hereditary monarch is still more so; but even admitting this, you are to consider the relative advantages and disadvantages of the two institutions. A house of peers returning, by means of rotten boroughs, the majority of the House of Commons, with great privileges, complete irresponsibility, and possessed of immense influence through their vast possessions, and the sort of traditional halo with which they are surrounded, have it in their power to prevent any measure from being carried into effect, however beneficial in its nature, or however necessary its adoption may be for the public welfare; and the people have no resource; they must submit in silence. The King and the nation are controlled by a handful of interested individuals. In fact, we are told that the form of our government is that of a limited monarchy. I confess I consider it to be a mere oligarchy. Whatever tends to increase the political power of the peo-

ple, must naturally diminish that of the peerage, and it requires no prophet to foretell that every measure of reform will find a vehement and constant opposition in the upper house. But the case is far different as regards the Sovereign ; he has no power, no influence, I may say no friends, except what he derives from his political situation ; and, surrounded by checks, he is little more than a mere piece of clock-work. He can never be a dangerous enemy to liberty, even if his inclinations were inimical to it ; and our history shews that an English King cannot indulge a tyrannical disposition with impunity. You must have a chief magistrate, be he king, president, or protector ; and I confess I think the hereditary principle, which we have adopted, presents fewer objections, and even offers greater guarantees for our liberties, than the elective one, where the choice of a president marks the triumph of a party."

"I believe you are right," replied Arundel ; "and I much regret that all reformers do not unite to obtain what is just and practicable, instead of introducing wild and visionary plans of Utopian perfection. After all, all we wish for is a good government, founded on equal rights ; and if that is secured, what does it matter, what the form of

government is called ? I am afraid that, if these new doctrines prevail, it will do much to injure the cause of the people, and will certainly excite great prejudice against us."

"I fear so too," said Owen ; "but if we do our duty, that is all that concerns us, and then we need not mind what is said of us." Arundel was not quite of this opinion, but he said nothing, and Owen continued. "I have written the letter I mentioned, and I have got one for the Marquis de la Fayette, so you will not find Paris quite a *terra incognita*. Recollect, I shall expect to be informed of all your proceedings. By-the-bye, my brother was in town last week for a few days, and inquired much about you. He says your friend, Mr. Hammond, wrote a letter to the Vice Chancellor, which has very much increased the concern every one felt for your expulsion. I told him you were going abroad, though without mentioning your views. You probably knew enough of his politics, to guess that he does not view the proceedings in France with a favourable eye. I tried hard to get him to our society, by representing it to him as a sort of debating society ; but it would not do, I fancy he had heard something about it ; he had a lucky escape, for I had composed a speech which I

meant to have had printed as coming from him, and sent to all his friends at Cambridge :” and the witty Serjeant chuckled over the intended piece of mischief, with all the glee of a school-boy, till a twinge of the gout put a disagreeable termination to his mirth. “Aye, aye !” said he, as soon as the pain would allow him to utter ; “the tables are turned against me now. It is time for me to go to bed—I am afraid I cannot say to rest ; so get along with you, and let me see you to-morrow, if you can : at all events before you leave London.” This Arundel promised, and then took his leave.

The next morning he called on Sir John Hammond’s attorney, who promised to have everything ready for him on the following day, and this being settled, he determined to let nothing prevent his immediate departure. He called on Owen to take leave of him, and found him considerably better. Having received the letters of introduction which have already been mentioned, he returned to his lodgings ; and the next day, his arrangements with the lawyer being completed, he started in the evening for Paris, at which place he arrived, without the occurrence of anything worthy of remark.

Arundel’s first visit was to M. Martin, the

banker, on whom he had a letter of credit. He was shewn into a magnificent salon, in one of the largest hotels in the Chausseé d'Antin, where everything seemed to indicate, on the part of the owner, a desire to display to the greatest advantage the wealth which he possessed. Gold and silver were lavished upon every article of furniture which was susceptible of receiving them, while the very mirrors were half concealed by the gorgeously gilt frames in which they were enclosed. Still there was a want of good taste in the arrangement of the apartment, which rendered all this glare and glitter rather oppressive than otherwise; and Arundel felt a relief in turning his eyes to the large garden, which extended to some distance at the back of the house.

He could hardly fancy that he was in the centre of one of the largest and most populous cities in the universe, so quiet and calm was everything around him; but he was soon disturbed in his meditations, by the entrance of a short, thick, good-humoured looking man, the magnificence of whose dress could not pass unnoticed, even in those days of lace and embroidery. He announced himself as M. Martin, and asked what he could do for the service of Monsieur. Arundel told him his name, and said that he had a letter of

credit to a small amount, on him, from his correspondents in London. M. Martin welcomed him to Paris, with great cordiality.

“I was already apprised,” said he, “of your intended journey — my correspondents mentioned it in a letter I received from them two days ago, and they have requested me to do everything in my power to make your stay here agreeable.”

Arundel rightly conjectured that he was indebted to Sir John Hammond for this attention.

“I am afraid,” continued the banker, “you will hardly think an old man like myself very well calculated to do the honours of our Paris to you ; so if you will allow me, I will have the honour of introducing my son to you, who is perfectly qualified for a cicerone and will be delighted to undertake the task. Pray let Mons. le Comte know that I wish to speak to him—” continued he, addressing a servant who had entered the room. “I am too old to care about titles and rank myself, but I bought the estate of Beauvoisin for my son, which gives him the title of Count ; and a marriage which I am now negotiating for him, will give him the right of presentation at Versailles, as well as that of entering the King’s

carriages; so that in me the family of Martin will end, to reappear in the illustrious house of Beauvoisin. Excuse the details, my dear sir, but as I hope to have the honour of seeing you very often during your stay at Paris, I thought it as well to give you our little family history, which will make you feel less like a stranger amongst us.

“Adolphe—” said he, as his son entered the room; “I wish to introduce you to Mr. Arundel, the representative of one of the oldest families in England; and if I mistake not, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, of the creation of Frederic Barbarossa.” Arundel bowed assent, and could not help feeling internally gratified at this allusion to the prowess of one of his ancestors, who had saved the life of the Emperor at the risk of his own, and had received from the grateful monarch a reward, which his descendants had always looked upon as one of their proudest distinctions; so true it is that the surest way of rendering one’s-self agreeable in the eyes of the wisest and best of us, is by delicately administering to our vanity.

“If I might presume to offer any advice,” continued the banker, “it would be to assume the title of Count, to which you have so good a right, while you remain in France. The well educated no

doubt would require no such distinction to acknowledge your claims of birth ; but the generality of the world in France would find considerable difficulty in comprehending how a plain Mr., without even the noble particle before his name, could lay claim to be ranked among the nobility."

"In England," said Arundel, "we never use foreign titles. The Arundels have never considered even English ones as necessary to the illustration of their family, and we have repeatedly declined the honours of the peerage ; although in days of yore the names of my ancestors have frequently appeared among those of the great Barons, holding immediately of the Crown. I must therefore decline adopting your advice—though I feel greatly obliged to you for the motive which suggested it."

"I think M. Arundel right," said de Beauvoisin ; "titles are no longer necessary to establish a man's claim to respect ; all these aristocratical distinctions are going out of fashion. Merit alone is the qualification, by which a true philosopher would desire to be tested. The English," continued he, bowing to Arundel, "will soon be compelled to admit, that theirs is not the only country in which the sacred tree of liberty can blossom and bring forth fruit ; and I

hope they will acknowledge us as worthy brothers in the glorious cause of freedom;" and having delivered this oration with rather a theatrical air, he took a pinch of snuff from a magnificent box, on the lid of which was the picture of the favourite *danseuse* of the day set in diamonds, and then turned to admire himself in the glass. Arundel thought to himself he had never beheld such a conceited puppy in his life, but here he was wrong. The Comte de Beauvoisin was only a little bitten by the Jean Jacques mania of the times, and wished to display his liberal opinions and eloquence before one, whom as an Englishman, he considered to be a good judge of both. His coxcombry was only in his manners. He was, in reality, sensible and good-natured, and if he was not exempt from the vices of his age, at all events he did not glory in the display of his profligacy, or indulge in it at the expence of others. His appearance was gentlemanlike, without being striking, except from a look of lassitude and exhaustion which pervaded his features; his manners, though spoiled by affectation, were those of the most polished good breeding; and altogether he was by no means an unfavourable specimen of a French gentleman of that day. His father was fond and proud of

him, but he could never hear with patience anything that seemed to imply approbation of the Revolution.

“Grant me patience, heaven !” he exclaimed ; “it is enough to make a saint mad to hear the young men of the present day talking politics, and discussing the state of the nation, instead of occupying themselves with their horses and mistresses ; and to see them living in clubs and debating societies, instead of frequenting the theatres and good society, as they did in my time. No wonder the canaille abandon themselves to such excesses, when they see themselves encouraged in them by their superiors. But you will be the sufferers ; you fancy you will be able to stop them when you think fit, and you will find out your mistake too late. Your idol, Necker, found the difficulty of stopping the stone he had set rolling, and I suppose you do not imagine yourselves to be cleverer than he. No, I see the days coming when rank and property will be involved in one common ruin. To be rich or powerful will be reckoned a crime ; and I dare say that I, who have been labouring hard all my life to earn a humble competency, shall see myself reduced to envy the cottage of my father in Auvergne.”

“My dear father,” said the Count, “I hope it will not be so bad as that, but I beg your pardon for having touched upon a subject which I know annoys you.”

“Come,” thought Arundel; “there is some good in him after all.”

“My dear boy,” rejoined old Martin, “I speak only for your own good. I know you do not mean half you say, but your tongue will get you into some scrape before long. Only fancy if Mlle. de St. Maurice was to hear you; she would be capable of breaking off the marriage at the foot of the altar.”

“That would not break my heart—” said the Count; “nay, my dear father,” seeing Martin look grave; “you know I have promised to marry her if you insist upon it; but for God’s sake let me talk of her as I like till she is my wife. But we both of us seem to forget Mr. Arundel’s presence, to whom this discussion cannot be very amusing.”

“I beg Mr. Arundel’s pardon with great sincerity,” said the old man. “Perhaps you would like to put yourself at once under the guidance of my son, and I shall feel greatly flattered, if you will honour me with your company at dinner to-day. You will find only a family party; but

if you have no other engagement, perhaps it will be more agreeable than a solitary meal at your hotel, or in one of those new establishments, which, I hear, are quite the fashion under the somewhat quaint title of *Restaurants*."

Arundel accepted the invitation with pleasure, but declined the Count's company for the present, under the plea that he was going to visit the British Ambassador. "At least allow me to have the honour of taking you there," said the Count. "I will be at your service in two minutes;" and so saying he left the room.

"He is a little thoughtless," said Martin, as soon as the door shut, "but that will soon pass; his marriage will steady him, and if he is as good a husband as he is a son, his wife will have no cause to complain. But you are come at an unlucky moment, if you wish to see the amusements for which we were once noted. Every head is full of politics—even young women can talk of nothing else, and I am afraid that this excitement will not so soon be allayed. *Apropos*, Mr. Arundel, if you should have occasion for more money than is specified in your letter of credit, you will find my *caisse* always open to you."

Arundel expressed his thanks, but said "he

hoped he should not be obliged to avail himself of his kindness."

"I shall always be most happy to be of any service to you I can," said the banker; "but in this case you owe me no thanks, as I am merely obeying the orders of my correspondents." Arundel again recognised the kind heart of Sir John Hammond, and felt almost provoked that he should persist in endeavouring to force pecuniary obligations on him, while he mentally vowed that nothing should induce him to accept them.

The Count de Beauvoisin now made his appearance, and Arundel took his leave for the present, of Mons. Martin. The Count's equipage was remarkably neat; and even to the fastidious eye of an Englishman, offered nothing to find fault with. "You see," said he to Arundel, when they were seated, "we are quite English-mad; nothing will go down but English carriages, English horses, English servants, and English liberty. I was in England myself last year, and got a friend of mine, Lord Havant, whom perhaps you know, (Arundel nodded assent) to superintend the formation of a complete English equipage; how do you think he has succeeded?" Arundel assured him, with

truth, that nothing could be better, and said, "it did his Lordship's taste great credit."

"Aye, so I am told by every body who understands these things. I knew Lord Havant when he was in Paris with his father two years ago. A very good fellow, but not much in him I should think. I hope, by-the-bye, you are not of my father's political opinions. That is the only fault he has—too much attachment to things as they existed in his youth; but he is the best man in the world for all that, so kind, so liberal, and I confess I sometimes do things that must try him. I wish, though, he would let me marry whom I like, or rather that he would not insist upon my marrying a woman I do not like."

"Well, but surely," said Arundel, "he will not force your inclinations?"

"Oh no, he would not do that exactly, but I know he wishes it most particularly; and after all, perhaps the sacrifice will not be so great; luckily I am in love with no one else just now, but if I could bring myself to detest any young woman upon earth, it would be Mlle. de St. Maurice; not but what she is handsome enough,—but so cold, so proud, and thinks she does so much honour by admitting me into her thrice

noble family. And then her father—one would think he was the whole feudal system made man; he thinks and talks of nothing but the antiquity of his family—which, *entre nous*, is rather questionable—and the privileges of his order. *Duc et pair* is written on his brow; and with all this my father really thinks himself honoured at being allowed to advance him two millions of livres to pay his debts, and conceives himself more than repaid by the expectation of calling the daughter, ‘my daughter-in-law;’” and here the Count stopped to take breath; he soon, however, resumed. “And now that we are come to our journey’s end, we had better settle what we shall do after your visit. Of course I shall wait to bring you back;” but this Arundel would by no means permit. “Well then, my carriage will call for you at your hotel, to bring you to dinner. After that we will go to the opera, and then you must come and sup with me and a few friends, male and female, at a small house I have in the Faubourg du Roule.” To all this Arundel assented, and in a few minutes more the carriage stopped at the door of the embassy. Having thanked his new friend, he shook hands with him and entered the hotel.

He was most graciously received by the Amba-

sador, Lord A—, who asked a thousand questions after his old friend, Sir John Hammond. “I had the pleasure of knowing your father, Mr. Arundel,” continued he, “at college, though we quite lost sight of each other afterwards, which I much regretted. I am delighted, therefore, to make the acquaintance of his son. Have you any friends here?” Arundel told him that the only two persons he knew as yet, were Mons. Martin, and his son, and mentioned the engagements he had made for the evening.

“Well,” said Lord A—, “you could not have had two better acquaintance in their way. The father is one of the most respectable bankers in Paris, and I know several very generous and kind actions of his doing. The son has the character of being a great roué, but I believe, is not without good feeling and a high sense of honour. I do not know much of him; and suppers at a *petite maison*, are, as you may suppose, rather out of my line. No man, however, I should think, is better qualified to act as guide to a new comer; whether you will ever wish him to be more than a common acquaintance, you will be better able to decide when you know more of him. If you wish to be introduced into the society of the Court, and the haute noblesse,

I shall be most happy to offer you my good offices. I am going to-morrow evening to Versailles, and if it suits you to go with me, I will take you in my carriage, and present you." This offer Arundel gratefully accepted, and after a few minutes further conversation, took his leave.

On quitting the hotel of the embassy, Arundel sauntered about Paris, to wile away the hours till dinner time. It was the latter end of September when he arrived, and the city was in a state of perpetual excitement and agitation. One day there were rumours of attempts to carry off the king and royal family; on the next, it was ascertained that fresh detachments of troops had arrived at Versailles, to reinforce the already numerous army stationed in and about that town. A scarcity of provisions too, at this time, pressed severely upon the lower orders; and every day complaints were made, of convoys intercepted and grain sent out of the kingdom. In vain the National Assembly had sent a deputation to Paris to restore calm. That body itself no longer possessed the undivided confidence of the nation which it had hitherto enjoyed. The union of the three estates, had infused into the assembly the ele-

ments of discord. It was evident that many members of the privileged orders sought to embarrass and retard the adjustment of the most vital questions, by every means in their power; and it was well known that all the partisans of the *ancien regime*, and those attached to the Royal family, scrupled not to avow their conviction, that a reaction was approaching, which would restore the king to unlimited power, and place those whom they considered as his enemies at his feet. The Parisians, too, began to be exceedingly dissatisfied with the despotic authority exercised over them by the Commune. A decree that body had lately issued against the press, was considered as a violation of one of the most important rights of freemen, and the frequent recurrence of periods of famine was attributed to their incapacity or malversation. The people, in short, felt that it would require their utmost vigilance and determination to preserve them from the yoke of a municipal oligarchy, after having freed themselves from that of an absolute Sovereign. All their grievances were set forth and commented upon at every moment in the public streets by itinerant orators; and Arundel fell in with several groups listening to the most violent declamations, accompanied

by threats of vengeance on all suspected of being the authors of their miseries. The Queen and the Comte d'Artois were particularly denounced as traitors to the nation, and Arundel was more than once disgusted with the furious language of the speakers, and astonished at the applause which they elicited from the audience. He did not consider how difficult it is for a nation suddenly emancipated from the shackles which have pressed on them for centuries, to restrain their newly obtained liberty within due bounds. Licentiousness is the natural offspring of restrictions, as ferocity and a desire of vengeance are of oppression.

In the course of his perambulations, he arrived at the Palais Royal, and here it seemed as if the whole of that immense garden had been converted into an arena for political discussion. He approached one group, which a very young man was addressing from a table. His countenance was that of one inspired; his language eloquent, and even not devoid of classical elegance, while occasionally his impassioned ideas seem to burst forth in words of flame. Arundel listened to him with great attention, and thought he had never heard any one who seemed so deeply convinced of the truth of the cause he was advocat-

ing, and this conviction evidently forced itself upon his auditors. Arundel himself felt his breath come thicker, his blood flowed more rapidly in his veins, as he listened to these animated appeals. He asked a man who was standing near him, the name of the young orator. "Camille Desmoulins" was the answer,—“the most patriotic, the most sincere of all our young writers.”

Arundel turned homewards reflecting deeply on what he had seen and heard. He could now understand how the spirit was raised that took the Bastille; he felt that a people, led by men animated by such a deep enthusiastic devotion to their cause as that evinced by Camille Desmoulins, could achieve anything; but what most astonished him, was to see that not the commonest precautions were taken by the authorities, or the slightest attempt made to arrest these violent and audacious instigators to revolt. He could not help thinking in his heart, that a government manifesting such utter indifference to these rude assaults, or such complete want of power to put them down, was foredoomed to destruction.

His mind still occupied with these thoughts, he again found himself in the Chaussée d'Antin.

The dinner party was strictly a family one, consisting merely of Mons. and Mme. Martin, the Count, and himself, but the dinner itself was of the most exquisite kind. The science of one of the first artists in France had been lavished upon it; the wines were excellent, the plate magnificent, while the number of the attendants and the richness of their liveries seemed rather calculated for the establishment of a prince, than for that of a private individual, however wealthy.

"I hope," said Mme. Martin—a good sort of elderly woman — "that my husband properly apologised to you for the liberty he took in asking you to a mere family party."

"Indeed, my dear Madame," replied Arundel, "I felt as an act of the greatest kindness, his not thinking it necessary to treat me with ceremony. I am tempted to forget that I am a mere stranger, though I almost fancy myself in fairy land in the midst of such splendour and magnificence. I am sure none of our bankers or merchants could compete with it."

"No," interrupted Martin, "they are too wise. The gold and silver, that glitter on my furniture and sideboard, would be safely stowed away in their coffers. This sort of profusion

would injure their credit, or at all events be of no use to it; but here it is necessary to support mine; were I to reduce the number of my servants, or suppress an *entrée* in my bill of fare, all Paris would know it next day, and my affairs would be considered to be in a precarious situation. We have not yet learnt the folly of trusting to appearances; show and effect go a great way with us."

"I hope, Mr. Arundel," said the Count, "you have passed your time agreeably since we parted." Arundel told him how he had been occupied, and could not forbear expressing his astonishment at the impunity with which the grossest attacks against the Queen and the highest personages in the kingdom were accompanied.

"Yes," said Mons. Martin, with a sigh, "it is very well known by whom these attacks are encouraged and paid for; and it is easy to see that the object is to bring everything that is good and great to a level with the low and vicious. We want a few more men like the Prince de Lambesc, to put a stop to these foul-mouthed slanderers. However, every body, but the lowest rabble and their instigators,

does justice to the virtues and courage of the Queen."

The Comte de Beauvoisin, notwithstanding his daily resolutions to avoid political discussions with his father, could not refrain from saying:—

"No one can feel greater disgust than I do, at all the misrepresentations of which the Queen is the victim; but we should not forget with whom they originated. It was the high noblesse that first began these attacks against her, and lost no opportunity of inveighing at what they called the scandalous levities of her conduct. It was the nobility, who jealous of her system of favouritism, first encouraged scandal to fix upon her name. Why, Mr. Arundel, you will hardly believe me, when I tell you, that I have heard stories told and couplets recited in the salons of the very highest society, of which Marie Antoinette and her supposed lovers were the subjects, so replete with coarse ribaldry and indelicacy, that I doubt whether the commonest woman in the streets could have repeated them without blushing. We all recollect the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan and the diamond necklace. I have no hesitation in declaring my belief, not only that the Queen was innocent,

but perfectly ignorant, of the disgraceful intrigue by which a weak, unprincipled and ambitious priest sought to win her favour. The nobility, however, set the example of making use of this unfortunate event to mortify her. The Queen, who had a personal dislike to the Cardinal, and was naturally indignant at having her name mixed up in such a dirty, swindling transaction, took a more active part in the proceedings which ensued, than in my opinion she ought to have done. It was inconsistent with the dignity of her situation ; still it was natural, and therefore excusable. Well, the aristocracy, and, at their instigation, every class of society, took part with the Cardinal and against her, and openly testified, even in the apartments at Versailles, the joy they felt at the Cardinal's acquittal, which was considered as her condemnation. They now defend her and abuse her calumniators as vehemently as they previously attacked her, because they begin to find out that the rights of the absolute monarch and the privileges of a feudal aristocracy must sink or swim together. They were her first and bitterest enemies, and yet it appears to me very doubtful whether they will not do her more harm now with their selfish mis-

chievous counsels, than they did formerly by their libels and their calumnies."

"Certainly, Mons. le Comte," said his father, "no one would imagine that you were a member of the nobility, whose character you take so much pains to blacken."

"And do you think, my dear father," rejoined the Count, "they consider me as such? No—they borrow my money, ride my horses, eat my dinners—in short, they make every use they possibly can of me, and yet I shall never be any thing but a *parvenu*, the son of Martin the banker; forgive me the expression—it is not mine,—I have overheard it twenty times. It was only yesterday that the Marquis de Ponthieu said in his sneering way, 'Well, my dear Count, you do not look so very awkward with a sword, considering how short a time you have had a right to wear one!'"

"And what answer did you make to such an insolent speech?" said Arundel.

"I told him I did not know how I wore one, but that if he wished to know how I could use one, I was at his service."

"My dear child," cried Mme. Martin, "how could you be so imprudent? Suppose he had thought you serious, and taken you at your word."

The Count smiled with a peculiar expression, which was apparently unnoticed, except by Arundel.

“Well!” said the old gentleman, “I begin to regret the money I paid for the estate of Beauvoisin. You seem to despise the title, and the property will never return one per cent.”

“I do not regret it, though,” said the Count; “there is one privilege attached to nobility in France, which I value next to my existence.”

“And that is?—” said Arundel—

“Do you remember, father,” continued the Count, “three years ago, when this very Marquis de Ponthieu gave me a lash across the face for not getting out of the way of his phaeton fast enough, and when I called on him for satisfaction for so gross, so unprovoked an outrage, he told me in the most quiet, impertinent manner possible, that he should have the greatest pleasure in giving it me, if he were not apprehensive of falling under the displeasure of Nos Seigneurs les Marechaux de France, if he measured swords with a *roturier*. I am a *roturier* no longer, and the proudest noble in France, were it the brother of the King himself, could not refuse to meet me.”

“Oh! Mons. Martin,” cried the good lady at the top of the table, “how could you run him into such danger? Surely you did not know that he might fight anybody he liked, when he became a Count; you shall not stir out, Adolphe, till you promise me never to use this horrible privilege.”

“I promise you, dearest mother, I have no present intention of using it,” replied de Beauvoisin.

“But do you mean to say,” said Arundel, greatly interested in the story he had just heard, “that you got no redress for such an atrocious affront?”

“My father,” replied de Beauvoisin, “brought an action against him; but he is a great friend of the Comte d’Artois—scandal says that he is what is generally called *l’ami du Prince*, and so he got a *lettre de cachet*, prohibiting all further proceedings, and that is all the satisfaction the laws of my country on the one hand, and the privileges of the nobility on the other, afforded me.”

“I acknowledge, my son,” said the old banker, “you were grievously wronged in that business; but still you should not allow the injury inflicted

by one, to be brought forward as evidence against a whole class."

"Perhaps you are right, father; but if you will allow us to have coffee, I will carry off Mr. Arundel, as I dare say he will like to see the whole of an opera for the first time."

Mons. Martin returned his thanks in a set speech to Mr. Arundel for the honour he had done him, and hoped he would not think he was taking too great a liberty in begging him to remember, that he would always find a place at his table, whenever he would do him the honour to avail himself of it. Arundel thanked the warm hearted, though somewhat formal old man, for his kindness, and having taken leave of Madame, followed the Count to his carriage.

"I suspect," said Arundel, when they were seated, "your debt to the Marquis is discharged."

"Ah! say you so?—you are a shrewd observer. Why yes, I believe he has as pretty a *coup d'épée*, through his sword arm, as a man need wish for. I have been waiting for the opportunity for some time, but he knew it, and kept a guard over himself. Not that he is a coward, I believe, but he does not like unnecessary fighting; at last he could bottle

up his sarcastic temper no longer. I do believe he would have had a fit of apoplexy, if he had tried to do so. However, he has had a good lesson, which will probably last him some time."

CHAPTER VI.

ARUNDEL was delighted with the opera and the ballet; he had been so little in the way of theatrical representations in England, that the French scene burst upon him in all its splendour, without the disadvantage of former recollections. He was disagreeably roused from his state of enchantment, by the falling of the curtain, and the summons of the Count to leave the theatre. At first he wished to go home, but de Beauvoisin assured him that he had asked some friends to supper, on purpose to meet him, and he felt he could no longer refuse without rudeness. He wished also to see Parisian society in all its shapes; and, at that time, the *petits soupers* still formed too remarkable a feature of it to be omitted, and he accordingly sub-

mitted himself to de Beauvoisin's guidance. As they rolled along, his friend gave him some account of the persons he was to meet.

"We shall only be ten," said he. "I hate large parties at supper—they destroy the feeling of intimacy which makes the great charm of this sort of society. Fortunately, too, I quarrelled with my last mistress two days ago, and not having yet replaced her, I am as much *fêlé* by the ladies of her class, as I was by those of the upper ranks of society, when it was known that I was the heir to some millions, and that my father wished to see me married."

"The comparison is not very flattering at all events to the last," observed Arundel.

"Flattering or not," replied his companion, "it is just; there is but little difference in my opinion, between a marriage like the one I am about to make, for instance, and the connexion one forms with a Duthé or a Fayal, except that the first is unfortunately permanent, and the last only continues during one's *bon plaisir*. The one is prostitution sanctioned by the laws, and the other by the police. But do not mistake me, and think I am speaking of marriage in general when I talk thus; I am only alluding to our *mariages de convenance*, when a young lady (or

a parent for her) sells her person to a man she has very likely never even seen, and obtains in return, what she probably values most on earth, a good establishment, handsome equipage, and magnificent diamonds. Now the ladies to whom you will be introduced to-night, do all this, it is true ; but at all events they have not the hypocrisy to shelter their ambition or cupidity under the sanction of religion. No, no, you will find no hypocrisy at my house to-night."

"That I make no doubt of," said Arundel, laughing; "but you were good enough to promise me a description of the persons I am to meet."

"Ah, true, so I did ; well, in the first place, you will see the Comte de Tilly, who, though not yet thirty, I believe, has exhausted every pleasure, and nearly ruined his constitution and fortune at the same time ; which, as he himself observes, is a fortunate combination, for what is the use of health without money, or money without health. However, putting women on one side, to whom I believe he has not always behaved like a *chevalier sans reproche*, he is a man of honour in the strictest sense of the word, and at any time would rather fight than eat his breakfast.

"Next we shall have the Marquis de Genlis, and Mdlle Duthé, from whom he is at the

present moment inseparable, though I fancy that *liaison* will not last much longer, for by all accounts she has cut deep already into the forests of Genlis, and no one knows better than Duthé when it is time to change masters ; she has the credit of having ruined more men, old and young, noble and financial, than any other ten women in Paris put together ; but then she is so beautiful, so clever, so much the fashion, that it is quite a pleasure to be ruined by her—she does every thing with so much grace ; and when at length the last louis d'or is spent, she dismisses you in a manner that makes you still more in love with her than ever. Oh, she is a delightful, dangerous creature—take care of her.

“Then we have Mme. Beauvilliers, the mistress of the Marquis de Fenelon (he, I am sorry to say, cannot come, as he is obliged to be in attendance at Versailles) ; and a certain Mademoiselle Adeline, who belongs to the Italian theatre, and on whom, to tell you the truth, I have cast the eye of affection, in defiance of the tenth commandment, for she is living with Veime-ranges, the Director of the Posts, immensely rich, and a very good fellow ; he will also sup with us, as will a certain Chevalier de Poix. Who he is exactly, I cannot tell you, for I believe

that nobody knows, further than that he is a Chevalier de St. Louis, rather old, though with all the vivacity of youth, and is to be found in the very best society. I have indeed heard it hinted, that his birth-place was the *parc aux cerfs*. Now that he can no longer carry on the war on his own account, he seems to have established himself as a sort of master of the ceremonies in all our *petites maisons*, and so well does he play his part, that no supper is reckoned perfect without him. The last I have to introduce to your notice, is a charming Hebe-looking thing, Mlle. Coralie by name. She has not long been at Paris, and is under the protection of an old banker of the name of Berthout, who lets her do just what she pleases, though report says she has been much more faithful to him than his sixty years deserve, or have a right to expect."

By this time the carriage stopped before a small house in the Faubourg du Roule, the door of which, opened by some invisible agent, admitted the two friends into one of the most enchanting abodes that the most determined votary of luxury and refinement could boast of. The house itself was small, but seemed perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was in-

tended. The most exquisite taste was everywhere discernible, and every thing that could captivate the senses was scattered through the apartments with an unsparing hand. Delicious perfumes filled the air, while the rare exotics which supplied them captivated the eye by the brilliancy of their tints. A soft mellowed light pervaded the rooms, penetrating into the remotest corners, without fatiguing the sight by a glare which would have been little in unison with the rest of the scene.

The Count had hardly time to do the honours of his house, and explain its various merits to his friend, before the rest of the company arrived in rapid succession. Arundel was successively presented to them all, and although the short sketches of each which his friend had given him, had by no means prepossessed him in their favour, he soon found himself unable to resist the contagion of their animated conversation and lively repartee. Indeed he was not a little surprised to remark the decency and *bon ton* which was observed by all present, except, indeed, the antiquated Chevalier de St. Louis, whose jests and stories, drawn from the school of the Duc de Richelieu, and savouring of the libertinism of the Regency, exposed him to the raillery of those on whom he

inflicted them. This he bore with consummate good humour, and seemed to enjoy the united attacks of which he was the object.

After this sort of conversation had lasted about half an hour, the Marquis de Genlis, who to his other accomplishments added that of being a most determined gambler, exclaimed, "But why should we waste our time in this idle manner? Let us have a little faro till supper is ready;—what say you, de Beauvoisin?—if you have no objection I will hold the bank." This proposal was unanimously applauded, and cards were soon procured.

"Only recollect," said de Beauvoisin, "I am not fond of play, and therefore I hope you will not ask to continue after supper; nothing spoils society so much as knowing that play, or as you would call it, business, is waiting for us."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so," said Mlle. Coralie; "I play because every body else does, but I confess I hate it; do you like it, Monsieur Arundel?"

"That is a question I hardly can answer," replied our hero; "for to tell you the truth, I never tried, and have no wish to learn, if I may be excused."

"Of course you can do as you please," said

the Count ; “ but take my advice, and instead of sitting in a corner by yourself, which you will find dull enough, risk ten louis under the tuition of Coralie ; if you win, so much the better ; if not, stop, and you will not have done much harm. To tell you the truth,” added he, in a whisper, “ I hate play, but de Genlis is so fond of it, as indeed are most of the rest, that I could not say no ; so you will oblige me by complying for half an hour, when supper will be ready.” Thus pressed, Arundel thought it would look churlish if he did not join the rest, and he seated himself by his fair instructress, who willingly undertook the task of initiating him into the mysteries of the game. After various fluctuations of fortune, Arundel found himself, when supper was announced, a winner of upwards of two hundred louis.

“ It is fortunate for me, Monsieur Arundel,” said the Marquis, “ that you confined yourself to such moderate stakes, or you would have broken the bank ; as it is, I have no reason to complain, for I win nearly two thousand louis.”

“ And of me too you win nearly five hundred,” exclaimed Mlle. Duthé. “ That is too bad, I declare.”

“ Yes, indeed,” chimed in Mlle. Adeline,

"the Marquis is very ungallant to-night; he has ruined all of us unfortunate women."

"Except me," said Coralie. "I have shared in my pupil's good fortune."

"He is a most fortunate man to have such a teacher, fair Coralie," drawled out the Chevalier. "I wish you would take me under your tuition."

"Oh! you know, by your own account," replied she, "you were so irresistible in your youth from your charms, that, with all your experience added to them, you must be too dangerous a man at present. I will have nothing to say to you."

"Nay," rejoined the Chevalier, "you are too hard upon me; you must not judge a man too severely by what falls from his own lips."

"That I can easily believe," retorted Coralie. The rest laughed, and the Count, taking advantage of the pause, conducted them into the supper-room.

"You must be my cavalier," said Coralie to Arundel, "as we seem to be the greatest strangers here."

"Were you never here before, then?" said Arundel, offering her his arm to lead her to the supper-table, and seating himself next her.

"No, never; if I had been, I suppose I should

have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance sooner."

"No, indeed; I have only been twenty-four hours in Paris, for the first time in my life."

"Is it possible?—you speak French so well, and are so *aimable*, that I fancied you had passed all your life in Paris. I assure you that you deserve to be a Frenchman."

The compliment, for as such it was meant, was an unlucky one, for what Englishman is there worthy of the name, who could change the denomination for that of any other nation under the sun?—at least so thought Arundel, as he coldly replied that he was perfectly satisfied with being what he was. There was something in the words and the tone in which they were uttered, which made Coralie look up at him. "Why you are not angry," said she "at my silly speech? Do you not know we think it the greatest compliment we can pay a stranger, to tell him he is almost a Frenchman? I dare say now in England you would think it very flattering to a foreigner, to tell him he was almost an Englishman; come, be honest, and confess the truth."

Arundel smiled, as he answered, "I believe you are right; at all events, I am sure was wrong to feel—I will not say—*angry*, that would be too

strong a word, but *piqued* at what you said. Forgive me, and I will endeavour to offend no more."

"You will be very wrong if you do, for though I know I very often say thoughtless things, I never mean to annoy any one."

"Not even the Chevalier?"

"Oh! the tiresome old man—he deserves it. He is eternally pestering me with his declarations of love."

"Have you so hard a heart, then?" said Arundel.

"Why, I should think any heart under seventy years of age would be hard to such a decrepit old roué, who can do nothing but talk about his achievements some forty years ago. But come, you are too young, and too—in short you are too young to be my father confessor."

The supper was excellent, and the wines admirable. By degrees, as the champagne did its duty, the conversation became more animated, and gradually assumed a freer tone.

"By-the-bye, Coralie," cried Veimeranges, from the other side of the table, "do you know that you were very near attaining the distinguished honor of being transferred to the Comte de Lauraguais? He offered Berthout his cook,

Barigouille, the first artist in France, in exchange for you, and Berthout had—what shall we say?—the good taste to refuse the offer.”

“The Count took a very useless trouble,” exclaimed Coralie, colouring with indignation; “does he think I am to be made an object of sale, without my consent?”

“Well, I am sure,” said de Genlis, laughing, “you ought to be very much obliged to him, in the first place for setting Berthout’s affection in so strong a light—for believe me, the temptation was great—and in the next place, for putting you in a passion, which is exceedingly becoming to you.”

“Why, you odious wretch!” exclaimed Mlle. Duthé, “you do not mean to say that *you* would have accepted such an offer? I would never speak to you again, if I thought you capable of it.”

“I never had the offer made me,” said the Marquis, with the most perfect indifference—“I really cannot say, therefore, what my answer would have been.”

“After all,” said the Chevalier, “I do not see what there is to be angry at. I remember the Duc de Richelieu winning a certain Mlle. Lelia from the Prince de Soubise, in a bet

about something, I forget what now ; but I well remember the supper at which the stakes were paid. She was a lovely creature, and seemed nothing loth at the exchange."

"He is a most singular man, that Comte de Lauraguais," said Mlle. Duthé. "Did you ever hear what he did to the Prince de Fleuri?"

"No ; what was it?" was the universal exclamation.

"Why, in those days the Count was a very intimate friend of mine, and we used to be excessively bored by the Prince, who was perpetually calling on me, and unluckily chose his time in general very ill. Lauraguais bore this patiently for some time, but at last he could stand it no longer ; and, summoning half a dozen physicians to a consultation, gravely propounded the question, whether it was possible for a person to die of ennui. Long and solemn debates ensued, as you may imagine ; and after most lucid reasoning, *pour et contre*, it was finally determined in the affirmative, and a certificate to that effect was signed by all of them. The Count then obtained the written opinion of a lawyer of eminence, whose name I forget, to the effect, that any person seeking to take away the life of another by any means whatever, was liable to be

convicted of a capital offence. Armed with these two documents, he actually preferred an accusation against the Prince for conspiring to kill himself and me by ennui."

This story was received with shouts of laughter by all present, and was succeeded by many others of a similar nature, till at length exhausted by their own mirth, the party prepared to break up.

"Arundel," said the Count, "I am afraid you will think me very rude when I tell you that I have promised the use of my carriage to Mlle. Adeline, who forgot to order her own, and I cannot, therefore, have the pleasure of taking you home; but I dare say Mlle. Coralie will give you a place in hers."

"With the greatest pleasure," exclaimed the individual in question.

Arundel made some faint excuses, which were easily overruled; and indeed it would have been no easy matter for him to have found his way home at that hour of the night, or rather, morning. His politeness, however, would not allow him to take Mademoiselle out of her way; and it was therefore agreed that, after setting her down, the carriage should take him home to his hotel. How they passed their time on the

road, or what was the nature of their conversation, I have never been able satisfactorily to learn; nor indeed do I think it quite fair to inquire too curiously into what passes between a lady and gentleman under such circumstances; all I do know is, that on their arrival at Mlle. Coralie's house, Arundel thought common civility required him to give her his arm to her own apartment.

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The morning was well advanced ere Arundel returned to his hotel. The streets were already crowded with persons hurrying along in all directions in pursuit of business or pleasure. The sun was shining brightly, the whole appearance of nature was calculated to promote cheerfulness, and induce the human race to enjoy life to the utmost. On Arundel, however, the beauty of the weather, and animated scenes through which he passed, were quite thrown away. Angry with de Beauvoisin, with Mlle. Coralie, with the whole world, and above all, angry and disgusted with himself, he forced his way through the streets, without even hearing the clamour and angry ejaculations which his rapid evolutions occasioned. On arriving at his hotel, the porter hoped, with a broad grin on his countenance,

that nothing unpleasant had occurred to occasion his staying out all night. Arundel could have knocked him down with pleasure, but he did contrive to resist the temptation; and running up to his own room, hurried in and locked the door. A violent headache, the natural consequence of the wine he had drunk the night before, did not contribute to calm his agitation; but the predominant feeling was that of mortified vanity at finding he possessed so little command over himself.

“Idiot—fool that I am!” said he to himself; “not eight-and-forty hours in Paris, and I have gambled, drank to excess, and formed a connexion with a woman of a class I despise. How well qualified to assist in the regeneration of a nation!—what a noble beginning in the career that is to lead to honour and fame! Good God! what would I not give to efface the last twenty-four hours from my life? Oh my mother! what would be your feelings if you were to see the son, on whom you lavished so much affection, and from whom you expected so much, reduced to a level with gamblers and libertines. I, who felt so much confidence in myself, who would have defied the world to make me do or say anything I did not approve, how can I ever form a

resolution again—how can I ever dare to say again, thus far will I go, and no further?”

This thought, the offspring of his besetting sin, reproduced itself in every possible form and shape; till at last he almost determined to return to England at once, without taking leave of any one.

But this fit of despondency passed away, as calm reflection resumed its sway, and suggested to him that, instead of these violent measures, he ought rather to endeavour to keep a better guard over himself for the future. And now his pride stepped in to insinuate that it would be mere cowardice to fly from dangers instead of encountering and vanquishing them. No, it would be far more becoming a strong mind to conquer his passions, and put temptation to flight. These magnanimous thoughts restored him to a certain degree of self-complacency. One recollection, however, forced itself upon him, and that was, that he was Mlle. Coralie's debtor for the hospitality she had shown him on the preceding night; and as he wished, if possible, to banish from his memory everything connected with his folly, he inclosed forthwith what was, in fact, a magnificent remuneration, in a blank cover, on which he merely signed his name. He was

going to ring for some one to take it immediately, with his compliments, when he suddenly recollected that he did not know her address. Here was a dilemma. To inquire it of the Comte de Beauvoisin would be easy enough; but, besides that it would expose him to all sorts of jokes and inquiries, which he felt he could not very patiently bear, it would probably require more time than was consistent with his present determination. He felt confident that he could find his way to her house; but how could he explain it to a laquais de place?—nor was he particularly anxious to publish his adventures to such ears.

“ Well,” said he, “ there is nothing for it but to carry it myself, and I well deserve this humiliation as some punishment for my folly;” and, strange as it may appear, he really felt humiliated at the idea of another interview with Coralie. He would have submitted to any sacrifice at that moment rather than again be forced into such society. But there was no remedy for it, and he set out on his expedition.

He found out the house as easily as he had anticipated; and, on asking for Mademoiselle Coralie, was shown into a boudoir, which was arranged with the most perfect simplicity and good

taste. The windows were filled with the rarest flowers, the only circumstance that seemed to denote the extravagance of the mistress of the house; on the table lay a few books, amongst which Arundel perceived an English grammar, a dictionary, and a volume of Tom Jones, a book at that time as much in vogue with beginners as the Vicar of Wakefield at present. After a delay of a few minutes, a door opened, and Coralie herself made her appearance, looking even prettier and more interesting than she had done at the Comte de Beauvoisin's, and in a dress with which propriety itself could not have found fault.

“ *Ah ! mon cher Henri,*” cried she, taking his hand, which he instantly withdrew ; “ this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure ; it is very amiable of you.”

“ I have taken the liberty of waiting on you,” said Arundel, making a low bow, and putting on his stateliest manner—and he could look awfully frigid when he liked—“ to deposit this offering upon your shrine ;” and he laid down the rouleau he had prepared on the table.

“ *Oh fi, donc !*” exclaimed Coralie. “ *Vous voilà bien, vous autres Anglais,* you think gold can buy everything ; but here at least you are mistaken. I took a liking to you the moment I

saw you. It was really a *penchant, un vrai caprice*; without that, be sure you would have never found your way into my house. No, no, Henri, it cannot be a question of money between us."

Now this was a most unlucky speech. The idea of an Arundel being the object of a *caprice* on the part of a courtesan! The blood rushed to his very forehead at the idea.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I suppose I ought to feel very much flattered—very much honoured, no doubt, at having been selected as the object of your *caprice*, to use your own expression; but unfortunately that is not the case; and I must, therefore, insist upon your accepting this remuneration—very inadequate, I confess, to your merits. Excuse me," continued he, as she impatiently made a gesture of refusal; "I should consider it as an act of dishonesty to take goods that are for sale, and not pay the price."

"I understand you, sir," said she, and the veins of her neck and forehead seemed as if they would burst, while her whole frame shook with emotion; "I understand you, sir. That you despise me, I do not complain; it is what I am used to—perhaps what I deserve. But what has given you the right to insult me?—what has

given you the right to indulge your pride or your ill humour at the expence of my feelings? For I *have* feelings, sir, though you may doubt it; feelings as strong and as susceptible of kindness or contempt, as yours can be. And for what?—for a fault, if fault it be, in which you were my accomplice. You despise and insult me; and how can you tell what has made me what I am, or what I might have been, but for one of your sex?” and tears began to flow, notwithstanding all her attempts to prevent them. “Oh Henri!” continued she, as her passion began to subside, “I did not think that you—that any one with the feelings or manners of a gentleman, would have made such a cruel observation.”

Arundel had never felt so extremely foolish in his life. He was obliged to admit that his conduct and language had been indefensible. As Coralie had very justly remarked, what right had he to insult her? She stood before him without friends; the only protection to which she could appeal, was that which her lonely state ought to have afforded her in the mind of every feeling and humane person, and this protection he had disavowed and trampled on; but the very idea that he had so far forgotten himself, only

served to increase his irritation and bitterness against her who was the cause of it; and he eagerly caught at what he considered a fair ground for continuing hostilities.

“ I have remarked,” said he, “ that you have two or three times called me *Henri*. How you came to find out that such was my name, I neither know nor care; but I beg you will do so no more.”

Coralie's energy was quite gone; the first effort she had made to repel insult had quite exhausted her courage. The continual degradations to which her way of life exposed her, had broken her spirits. One day exalted as an idol by the flattery and admiration of her noble and wealthy admirers, and the next perhaps treated as the very dregs of society by some insolent and tyrannical *employé* of the police, she had long lost all sense of dignity and self-respect; and she almost wondered at herself for having dared to expostulate with Arundel in the manner she had done. It was therefore in a low tone of submission, almost of fear, that she answered, “ I will offend you no more, Mr. Arundel, by calling you by your christian name; but you cannot forget that it was you yourself who told it me last night, and said you had never thought it sounded so well as from my lips.”

Arundel bit his lips till the blood came, and he experienced a slight feeling of contrition for the barbarous manner in which he had treated the beautiful creature who stood almost trembling before him ; still he could not understand her sudden change of manner ; and at length came to the conclusion that Coralie was a most consummate actress, and had been playing a part at his expence. Conscious that the part he had been acting was anything but creditable to him, he determined to put an end to the scene at once, by letting her see that he was not so easily to be duped.

“ Mademoiselle,” said he, “ I sincerely regret having said anything that could wound your feelings. Whatever it was that made me so far forget myself, I must entreat your forgiveness of it. I will not attempt to excuse it, for I feel I should only fail in the attempt ; but now let me undeceive you ; you probably think me some rich milord, whose only object is to spend his guineas as fast as possible, and amuse himself to the best of his power. You are quite mistaken ; I am so poor—and I am not ashamed to avow it, for it is not through any extravagance or folly of my own that I am so—that I have barely sufficient to support my station in society ; so that you see,

I should be acting foolishly and culpably to both of us, if I were to seek to continue your acquaintance."

"Oh! Mr. Arundel," replied she, "and yet you thought it necessary to deprive yourself of so considerable a sum for me. See!" she cried, running to a drawer in her writing table, and opening it; "see, I am very rich. I have jewels, and more money than I know what to do with. I am not extravagant—at least not very—and I have no debts. What should I do with your money?—there positively is no room for it. If you do not think quite so badly of me as you said, if you think you owe me any reparation, you will say no more about it."

"Nay," said Arundel, in a kinder tone of voice, and hardly knowing what to think of her, "you forget. I am quite *en fonds*. I won two hundred louis last night, and how can I dispose of a part of them better? Besides, for the sake of the old proverb, *ce qui vient par la flute*—"

"I know the proverb," cried Coralie; "I do not want to hear it. I hate proverbs. Certainly, Mr. Arundel, there is no chance of my ever offending you again as I did last night, by telling you that you deserve to be a Frenchman; put that rouleau in your pocket. Come, if you

will not do it to gratify me, I think I have a right to inflict a punishment upon you for all that is past; and as I am not disposed to be lenient towards you, that is what I sentence you to. I hate the sight of it—it has destroyed all my illusions;” and Coralie gave a sigh, whether real or affected, we will not undertake to determine.

“Well, if it must be so, I will submit at once with a good grace,” said Arundel, whose feelings by this time had undergone a marvellous change; “but it is upon condition that you will accept some trinket from me, which I hope,” added he, with hesitation, “you will wear for my sake.”

“Yes, that I will,” exclaimed she; “but mind it must be only a trifle, or you will think I value it for its own sake, and not for yours.”

“I see,” rejoined Arundel, “that you do not forgive me, Coralie, from the bottom of your heart, or you would not retaliate on me so ungenerously.”

“Yes, indeed I do; after all, I am sure you could not have meant wantonly to annoy me. You were out of temper with something, and you vented it on the first person you came across, so I think no more of it. Still I confess

I should like to know the reason of it. Oh!—I guess,” seeing Arundel not disposed to break silence. “There is some one you are afraid should hear of your adventure—or perhaps you are married?”

“If I were, pray do me the justice to believe you would never have seen me here,” replied Arundel, gravely; “but come, Coralie, now that we are friends once more, I must leave you, for I have a thousand things to do, and it is getting late.”

“Must you go so soon, just when you were beginning to be *aimable*?—that is hardly fair; but promise me you will come and see me sometimes, while you remain at Paris.”

“My stay in Paris will be very short—I mean to reside for the future at Versailles.”

“Oh! Paris and Versailles are the same thing: but I will not ask what I see you will not grant; you leave me with the same impressions as those you brought with you.”

“No, by heavens! Coralie,” said Arundel, warmly, “not so; I did you great injustice, and I shall never forgive myself for my brutality; I was not prepared to find such good feeling and such disinterestedness as you have shown. I will come and see you again, if you wish it,

though I confess I think it better not, for my friendship can be of no use to you ; and," added he, with a smile, "I do not wish to expose myself to the danger of falling in love with you."

"No chance of that, I am afraid," replied Coralie ; "but I should like to see you again ; your friendship, as you say, can be of no use to me, for I can never hope to acquire it. You will never give your friendship to one you do not esteem ; but the very sound of the word gives pleasure to one who, like myself, does not possess a friend in the world."

"Not a friend in the world, Coralie ! You, with your youth, your beauty, surrounded by admirers, to talk of not possessing a friend !"

"It is true, though ; if my youth, and what you are pleased to call my beauty," (she could not refrain from a rapid glance at the mirror in front of her,) "were to pass away to-morrow, do you think I should see one single individual of those who now profess devotion to me, enter my door from the beginning of the year to the end ? If I were to die to-night, is there one who would shed a tear over my grave ? Nay more, I do not believe there is one who would refrain on such an occasion from some brutal or licentious joke, if he thought he could excite a laugh by it."

“But have you no friend of your own sex?”

“Still less. Many rivals, but no friends; those I should like to associate with, would repulse me—those I could associate with, I strive to avoid.”

“I own I am astonished,” said Arundel, “that with such sentiments you should not abandon the line of life you have embraced, and strive to regain the good opinion of the world.”

“It is too late,” said Coralie, “and too soon; but it is very selfish in me to talk to you about what cannot amuse or interest you. I am afraid you will repent your promise, to come and see me; but I will endeavour to be more amusing, or at least less dull, another time.”

“Be just as you have been to-day:—we shall never be lovers, but it will be your own fault if we are not friends. Adieu; it shall not be long before I see you again.”

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Arundel reached his hotel he found that he had but just time to dress; and his toilet was hardly finished, before Lord A—called to take him, as he had promised, to Versailles. The conversation during the drive, turned upon a variety of topics; amongst them, politics naturally engrossed a very considerable share. “Let me advise you,” said Lord A, “to keep as clear as you can of political conversations and discussions; and above all, to avoid enlisting in the ranks of any of the parties amongst which France is at this moment divided. This is an error into which, I am sorry to say, many of our countrymen have fallen, and they are consequently looked upon with hatred by some, and distrust by all. There is another thing, too, of which you must beware, and that

is, play, which, next to politics, is the engrossing passion. You will see a bank held in the Queen's apartments, at which enormous sums of money are won and lost : perhaps it may be as well for you to risk a few louis, as it would look singular if you did not ; but do not play upon credit, and recollect that you can retire at any time, whether winning or losing, without any remarks being made. I shall return to Paris to-night, and if you are ready when I am, will bring you back with me ; if not, I will take care to introduce you to somebody who can give you a seat in a carriage."

Arundel assured him that he should be ready to return whenever it suited his lordship's convenience ; and he also added that he thought of taking up his residence at Versailles, at least till the winter.

" Well, I do not know that you could do better," said Lord A. ; you will find much worth seeing—you will be in the midst of the best society in France, and certainly at this moment, Versailles is the most attractive place in Europe to any one who is at all interested in politics. Do you know any of the members of the National Assembly? Arundel mentioned the names of those for whom he had letters. " They are

undoubtedly the two leading men of the revolutionary party," continued Lord A.; "Mirabeau is a man of incontestable abilities; not exactly eloquent, but with great powers of declamation, and abounding with happy hits—I fancy too he has great daring. I shall never forget the poor Marquis de Dreuz Brézé's face of horror, when he told us that Mirabeau had actually ordered him out of the Assembly."

"When was that?" said Arundel.

"Oh, about three months ago, when the king, displeased with the States General, or rather with the Tiers Etat, for taking the title of National Assembly, and the pertinacity with which they insisted on the respective powers of the three estates being examined and verified in common, went down escorted by the princes of the blood, and all his military household, to hold a royal sitting. The king announced his intention of maintaining the division of the States General into three orders, and annulled all the proceedings which had taken place in contravention of this disposition, as illegal and unconstitutional, ordering them to separate immediately, and to meet the next day in their respective halls. He then withdrew, accompanied by the greatest part of the nobility, and

some of the bishops. The other deputies remained, fixed in silence and astonishment, till upon my friend Dreux Brezé, who is grand-master of the ceremonies, reminding them that they had heard the orders of the king, Mirabeau exclaimed in a voice of thunder, ‘Go and tell your master, that we are here by the will of the people; and that we shall only retire by the power of his bayonets!’

“ ‘Milord,’ said Dreux Brezé to me, when he told me the story, ‘I vow to God, I had rather face a battery of cannon than that man:’ and so I believe he would, for he looked pale at the mere recollection.”

“He certainly must be a wonderful man by all account,” said Arundel; “but does your lordship think him honest and sincere?”

“My dear Mr. Arundel,” replied Lord A., “when you are my age, particularly if you have arrived at it in following my trade, you will learn never to express a doubt of a man’s honesty or sincerity, whatever your thoughts may be, till he has proved himself to be deficient in them. With regard to Lafayette, I believe him to be a well meaning, weak headed man, of consummate vanity, and with a facility of disposition, which renders him very unfit for any

prominent public situation. He went to America when very young, where he served with distinction in the republican troops, and was admitted to the friendship of Washington, and most of the insurgent chiefs. He returned with a great reputation, which, in my opinion, will fade away, whenever his abilities are put to the test. At present, he stands very high amongst the revolutionary party, and has the command of the whole National Guard of Paris, which of course gives him great influence, and puts a military force at his disposal, which might be dangerous to the monarchy, were it in the hands of an active, clever, ambitious man—qualities, at least the two first, of which I believe him to be destitute. He is supposed to be strongly tinctured with republican principles. At court, where he is the object of universal detestation, he is accused of aiming at the part of a Washington, but very unjustly, I believe; neither his inclinations, nor his abilities, entitle him to such distinction. The height of his wishes would be, to obtain the confidence of the court, and this he flatters himself he will be able to do, without losing that of the people; but there is one obstacle he will never be able to surmount, and that is the dislike of the Queen.”

“ Well, my lord,” said Arundel, “ I cannot say you have given me very favourable impressions of my two male friends ; what do you say of my female one, Mme. de Genlis ? ”

“ She is not the least remarkable of the three,” was the answer ; “ she is a woman of considerable literary talents, and very agreeable in society. She holds, I suppose you know, the rather anomalous situation of Governor of the children of the Duke of Orleans, to whom she and her husband are quite devoted. That prince is said to favour the Revolution, from motives of personal ambition ; but whether this be so or not, I cannot take upon myself to say. I will only give you one hint—he spares no pains to gain adherents, whatever his views may be ; and an Englishman of your birth and position in society, would be considered a great prize. As to the rest, report says, that the Palais Royal has lost nothing of the reputation for profligacy and debauchery, which it possessed in the time of his ancestor, the Regent. And now, having given you these sketches, it is but fair to tell you, that they are not made from personal observation. My position precludes me from seeing enough of the persons we have been talking about, to be able to form a correct opinion ; you

must therefore take mine with a certain degree of caution—I have, however, told you enough to clear the way for your own observations.”

“I cannot sufficiently thank you, my lord,” said Arundel, “for the trouble you have taken: at all events, you have told me enough to show me, that my future acquaintances would not be able to ensure me a very cordial reception at Versailles. I suppose I had better say nothing about them.”

“Certainly,” replied the Ambassador, “I should not advise you to volunteer talking about them; still less would I advise you to make an unnecessary mystery of it, if the subject should be brought upon the *tapis*. Every thing you say, every step you take, will, I warn you, be watched and reported; and thus, that might be made to bear an invidious construction if concealed, which does not even require explanation, if done openly; for after all, what is more natural, than for a foreigner to wish to be acquainted with three of the most remarkable personages of the country he visits. But here we are,” said he, as his carriage entered the Cour d’Honneur of the royal palace.

It was quite dark when they arrived, so that Arundel could see nothing of the exterior of the

most magnificent royal residence in the world; but he was struck with admiration and astonishment at the internal splendour which burst upon him from every side, as he followed Lord A. up the marble staircase. Versailles was no longer what it had been under Louis XIV; still something of the spirit of the great king seemed to pervade the whole scene, as if incorporated with the building itself; royalty as yet had been shorn of none of its external attributes. The court seemed as brilliant as if there were not an assembly sitting at its gates, which threatened to undermine the whole structure. The rich liveries of the domestics, the gorgeous uniforms of the Gardes du Corps—the embroidered dresses of the courtiers, glittering with gold and silver—the crowds of beautiful women, blazing with jewels—the glancing of the numerous lights—the majestic proportions of the apartments themselves;—all contributed to bewilder Arundel, and almost made him fancy himself suddenly transported to one of the enchanted palaces described in the Arabian Nights; and he went through the ceremony of his presentation to the various members of the Royal family, almost unconscious of what he was about. Little by little, he recovered his

ideas, and began to examine the details of the scene before him.

The king struck him as having a singularly silly expression of countenance, and looked as if he had much rather have been in bed, than forming the centre of attraction to a brilliant court. But the queen was the object that principally fixed his attention. The majestic beauty of her features was very striking; but there was a constant curl of the upper lip, that spoiled their effect—an appearance of concentrated haughtiness, that took away from their feminine expression. Her countenance seemed pale and anxious, though at times an expression of animation and even cheerfulness passed across it, as she listened to the conversation of those about her; and there was an air of gaiety and satisfaction spread over the whole circle, that seemed not a little extraordinary to Arundel, who, calling to mind the scenes he had witnessed in the Palais Royal and elsewhere, expected to find nothing but care and anxiety on the brows of those who every day saw some one or other of their rights and privileges attacked and destroyed. While he was puzzling himself in vain to account for this, Lord A. drew him from his reverie, and asked

him if he would like to take a turn through the rest of the apartments.

“The Court,” said he, “are in great glee. A strong reinforcement of troops has arrived at Versailles. God knows what they mean to do with them—”

Here he was interrupted by the Chevalier de Poix, who paid his respects to Lord A. That nobleman was going to introduce Arundel, when he assured him it was not necessary, as he had had that honour the night before; “And, milor,” continued he, “if the English nation have reason to congratulate themselves upon being so ably represented at the Court of Versailles, by their ambassador, I assure you they have no less reason to think themselves fortunate in having such an able representative in the boudoirs of Paris as Mr. Arundel. Would you believe, that in less than an hour, he completed the conquest of one of our most charming *Lais*’s. He had the honour of accompanying the beautiful Coralie, who has half Paris at her feet, to her own house. I am further informed, that it was late this morning before he returned to his hotel; and, milor, to complete his triumph, and make assurance doubly sure, he passed three hours with

her this afternoon. If my information is not correct, Monsieur will excuse me."

Lord A., whom this speech had not a little surprised, replied with becoming gravity, that he was happy to find that the national character for gallantry had fallen into such good hands; and gave Arundel a look, that said plainly enough, "You see you have already fallen under the system of espionage:" at least it was in this way that Arundel interpreted it, and he said rather sharply, that he pitied those who had so little to do as to pass their time in watching his movements.

"Monsieur," said the polite Frenchman, with a low bow, "it is the tax that superior merit must always expect to pay."

At this moment, a young officer, dressed in a splendid cavalry uniform, approached them, and having bowed to Lord A., "Well, my dear Chevalier," said he, "at last I hope matters will mend, and we shall no longer be bearded by the insolent demagogues, who have hitherto carried everything with such a high hand. I suppose your Excellency knows," continued he, addressing Lord A., "that we have received a fresh body of troops; and we are only waiting for the orders of his Majesty, to put an end to

this disgusting farce, which has only lasted too long."

"So I have heard," said Lord A. ; "but I hope his Majesty will not have recourse to force till all other means have failed."

"That would little become the dignity of the crown," said the Chevalier, gravely ; "there is but one way for a gentleman to negotiate with a rebellious canaille, and that is by means of the sword ; but still I confess there is some reason to fear that the king may be induced to forego his dignity, so far as to allow them to retain some of the advantages they have gained. He is surrounded by timid counsellors, and men who seek for popularity, at the expence of the majesty of the throne ; even the heads of the army are not exempt from suspicion. I wish they all possessed the vigour and determination of the Prince de Lambesc, and the people would soon return to their duty."

"Why, yes," said the Prince, for it was he, "I flatter myself I gave a pretty good example of the way in which the scoundrels ought to be dealt with. I would desire nothing more than to see the whole population of Paris drawn up in the Boulevards, with the National Assembly at their head, and then to be ordered to make

one charge, just one little charge with my regiment: I think I should give a pretty good account of some of them."

The Chevalier honoured him with a smile of approbation; but Arundel could not refrain from saying, "I can conceive no circumstances in which a man can wish to have the opportunity of shedding the blood of his countrymen."

"My good sir," said the Prince, rather surprised at this sort of reproof, "I see you are a foreigner, and therefore, probably quite unacquainted with the position of this country, or you would not have made that remark. However, I beg you to understand, that my observation only applied to the *canaille*; I should be very sorry to shed the blood of a gentleman in such ignoble warfare; though, if it happened through his alliance with the mob, or what they are pleased to term, the nation, it would go far to diminish my regrets."

"Well," said Arundel, "thank God I belong to a country where the life of the peasant is rated at the same price as that of the noble."

"Oh," said the Chevalier, "that may do very well for England, but here it is quite different. We should never lose sight of that profound and

statesman-like declaration of Louis le Grand, "*La nation, c'est moi.*"

"With all due submission," observed the prince, "I have always considered that declaration of Louis XIV's, as an attack upon the rights of the aristocracy. If he had said "*La nation, c'est moi et la noblesse,*" he would have been nearer the truth."

"Do you not think," said Lord A., highly amused at this amendment, "that the clergy would then have been entitled to put in their claim to be considered as part of the nation?"

"Why," rejoined the prince, "the upper ranks of the clergy are included in the term noblesse; as for the others, I confess I am very often disgusted at their pretensions to be considered as a separate order from the tiers état, to which they properly belong. The lower clergy are unfortunately a necessary evil, for it is not to be supposed that a gentleman could give himself the trouble of performing the duties of a *curé de village*. But they are too apt to forget their origin, and presume upon their profession; and I am sorry to say, they are often encouraged in such pretensions by their superiors. I remember last year, I sentenced a poacher, who had been taken in the act of killing a stag,

to a hundred *coups de batón*, and three month's imprisonment in the dungeon of my castle—a sentence, I am sure, not one jot too severe for the enormity of the offence; and the curé took the liberty of remonstrating with me in so insolent a manner, that I was obliged to apply to his bishop on the subject, expecting that he would at least be suspended for a year or so. What do you think the answer was? That the man in question was so beloved by his parishioners for his christian virtues and the exemplary manner in which he discharged his duties, that he feared it would occasion great excitement in the district were he to reprimand him, and advised me to overlook the offence.”

“A propos,” said the Chevalier, “is it not to-morrow that the Gardes du Corps give their banquet to the regiment of Flanders?”

“Yes,” replied the prince; “and if the king takes advantage of the opportunity, in forty-eight hours the revolution will be at an end.”

“Surely,” said Lord A——, “his Majesty will not consent to so wild a scheme.”

“My Lord,” said the Prince, considerably offended, “those who have drawn up the plan, which you are pleased to call a wild scheme, are reckoned, with justice, the ablest statesmen and

most skilful generals in France. The King certainly has not yet given his consent ; but we entertain no doubt of obtaining it through the Queen, who takes a more correct view of the present situation of the kingdom, and above all, possesses a decision and courage, not surpassed by any of our sex."

Lord A., taking Arundel's arm, moved on without making any reply ; after a short silence, he said :

"Poor King—poor Queen—with such advisers, who can tell what their fate will be ? I cannot tell you, Mr. Arundel, how grieved I am at seeing their blindness: yet it is very natural after all. Look around you—you see here collected the representatives of the noblest and most powerful families in France, all urging this hopeless crusade against the liberties of their country. Who that calls to mind the heroic recollections connected with names, would not feel confident in the success of a cause in which they embarked?—and probably nothing could resist them but the enthusiasm of a nation struggling for their freedom. What the result will be, God only knows ; but whichever party obtains the advantage, the monarchy will suffer. If the victory remains in the hands of the nobility, they will dictate what terms they

like to the Sovereign, and certainly will be contented with nothing less than the power and independence which Richelieu, and after him, Louis XIV., were at so much pains to destroy. If, on the other hand, the nation remains victorious, the noblesse will be stripped of their honours and power, most probably of their possessions, and the King will be left but the shadow of authority. Neither party will use their advantages with moderation—perhaps not with humanity. It is a dreadful picture.”

“It is, indeed,” replied Arundel; “but after all I have heard and seen during the short time I have been in France, I confess, I am not so much surprised at the excitement and violence of the people, as I am at their having suffered such oppression so patiently and so long.”

“You must not judge of all the noblesse of France,” replied the Ambassador, “by the specimens you have seen to night. Amongst them are to be found many men possessed of the finest feelings of humanity and justice, who dispense happiness to all around them. Still it is not the less true, that this depends upon their own feelings and dispositions; and that, were they so inclined, they might enact the part of petty tyrants with perfect impunity. The people have

borne the yoke till they can and will bear it no longer. Still I have no doubt in my own mind, that all might be quietly settled, by attending to the dictates of justice and common sense, and, above all, by acting with good faith. I much fear, however, that this system of conciliation will not be adopted, at least not till that of violence has failed, and then perhaps it will be too late."

They had now insensibly approached the royal circle, and one of the gentlemen who composed it, stepped up to Arundel, and told him that the Queen wished to speak to him. After asking him a few insignificant questions, about the length of time he had been in France, the stay he proposed making, and others of the same nature, she asked him if he was any relation of the Mr. Arundel who had been ambassador many years before at Vienna.

Arundel said that he was his grandson.

"Indeed!" rejoined the Queen: "I was quite young when he was there, but still I recollect him perfectly. I remember his equipages and the magnificence of his establishment were the admiration of the whole court. I am very glad to see his grandson here; though you will not find Paris or Versailles very attractive just now, I should imagine; for I presume you are come

only for the purposes of amusement?" And she fixed her eyes upon him as if she wished to read his most secret thoughts.

Arundel was rather abashed at this scrutiny, which he could not very well account for; but he answered without embarrassment, that in England, a young man's education was hardly reckoned complete till he had travelled on the Continent, and that his own motives were rather those of instruction than amusement.

"In that case, sir," replied the Queen, "I hope you will be circumspect in your choice of instructors."

This short conversation puzzled Arundel exceedingly; but he soon ceased to think of it, and wandered into the saloon, where the faro table was in full activity. He seated himself, and in a short time had lost the few louis he happened to have about him, when Lord A—— made his appearance, and proposed to him to return to Paris, an offer he gladly accepted. When they were once more seated in the carriage together, Lord A—— said—

"Some how or other, they have got a most absurd story at Versailles; you are said to be the emissary of some society in London, and to conduct their correspondence and negotiations

with those of the National Assembly, who are supposed to be the most violent in their opposition to the court. Now there is really such a society existing in London, and they have sent over a deputation to Paris; but luckily I happen to know who the members of it were, and also that they arrived some weeks before you, so that I could take upon myself to contradict the information, as regards you, most positively."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Arundel; "but I was very near forming one of that deputation;" and he then gave Lord A— a full description of the evening he had passed with Serjeant Owen at the club, and what ensued. "I have thought it right," said he, in conclusion, "to tell your Lordship all this, in order that should you hear the circumstance again mentioned, you may know exactly what to say."

"I shall take very good care," said Lord A—, "to say nothing at all about it; and I advise you also to keep your own secret. The individuals who came here with an address, I believe, were very low, vulgar persons, and were treated on all sides as mere adventurers. They returned last week, very much disgusted with their reception; so you need not fear anything

from them. I was at school with Owen, and have known him a little ever since. I always thought him cracked, but now I am sure of it; it is the only excuse that can be made for him, for having sought to entangle you in a business that might have seriously compromised you. However, pray be prudent, and keep clear of party; for with all these suspicions hanging over you, you are sure to be watched morning, noon, and night."

Arundel again thanked him, and added that there would be no necessity to watch him, as he should use no mystery. "I confess," said he, "that I feel very strongly in favour of the revolution, and as my intention is to reside here for some time, perhaps even to settle myself here for life, it will not be easy at all times to avoid giving expression to my sentiments; but I shall certainly endeavour to inform myself correctly on all political matters, before I openly embrace any particular party."

"I had rather see you keep aloof altogether," said Lord A——; "but you will be better able to judge for yourself when you have been here a little longer—and now," continued he, as the carriage stopped at the door of Arundel's hotel, "recollect, if I can ever be of any service to

you, do not scruple to apply to me. I hope I shall see you at my house, whenever you can find time to visit me."

The next morning Arundel made preparations for his departure for Versailles, and in the course of the day called on the Marquis de la Fayette, with his letter of introduction. He was fortunate enough to find him at home.

"Mr. Arundel," said the Marquis, "I am very glad that I happened to be at home; I have so much to do, that it seldom happens to me to have a morning to dispose of. The important command with which am entrusted, and the constant watch I am obliged to keep over the factions of all parties, completely engrosses my time. I suppose in England our political situation excites great attention."

Arundel said that it was the general topic of conversation, adding that one of his own inducements to visit Paris had been the desire to study the regeneration of a great nation on the spot; and that he could not but think himself very fortunate in having been furnished with the means of becoming acquainted with one of the principal actors, and one whose reputation stood so deservedly high with all parties as that of the Marquis de la Fayette."

“Whether it stands deservedly high,” said the Marquis, with a complacent smile, “it would ill become me to determine; but the fact is, they want me—I am necessary to them—they cannot do without me. We are too young, as children of freedom, in France, to understand even the forms, much less the full value of liberal institutions; and therefore I may say, without vanity, it is fortunate that there is some one who has witnessed and assisted in calling into existence a free state, and who may therefore fairly be supposed thoroughly to understand the subject in all its bearings.”

Arundel could hardly repress a smile, but he contrived to reply with becoming gravity, that it was indeed fortunate; “but,” added he, “do you not consider the numerous parties into which the kingdom is divided, as likely to present serious obstacles to a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of a constitution?”

“No doubt,” said the Marquis; “but they are more formidable in words than deeds, and I have my eye on them. The Duke of Orleans, for instance, who has incontestibly great influence, and who, I believe, would willingly confiscate all the advantages of the revolution to his own profit, dares not act. He knows that the

National Guard are devoted to me, and that I am acquainted with all his manœuvres. I do not believe there are a hundred men in Paris who would act in opposition to my wishes; you must, of course, understand me as speaking of the respectable part of the community—I mean the *bourgeoisie*, or middle classes. The rabble, I dare say, hate me, as they do every one who seeks to enforce order; and as for the royalists, or those who are pleased to style themselves so, *par excellence*, I need not tell you that I am not exactly in the odour of sanctity with them. In the National Assembly, Mirabeau is the only man who can be considered as the head of a party, and he probably aims at nothing more than some lucrative place. The Court are the most difficult to deal with—they shew me no confidence; if they would take my advice, every difficulty would vanish; but they must come to me sooner or later, and I will save them in spite of themselves.”

“I can fancy no situation more flattering to a man of patriotic feelings than yours,” said Arundel; “you may with truth be called the champion of liberty in the two worlds.”

“Yes; I began my career at a very early age, and have remained faithful to the principles I

then advocated. America I consider as my second country ; all my pleasantest recollections are connected with the years I spent there, and the friends and connections I then formed. I hope to visit it once more before I die. The struggle we were engaged in was severe and full of difficulties ; but the result was as glorious as the cause was pure. But I forget myself, Mr. Arundel—the subject cannot be very pleasant to you as an Englishman ; I ought to apologize for having introduced it.”

“ Not at all, I assure you,” replied Arundel ; “ I was too young at that time to understand much about the matter, and now I only consider it as a page of our history, pregnant with instruction. If we lost our colonies, it was through our own fault, or rather that of our government. But I have always considered that, in the natural course of things, we could not have kept them much longer ; the territory was too large, the population too numerous and enlightened, to continue for any length of time dependent on the mother country.”

“ I believe you are right,” said Lafayette ; “ and probably when time has healed the wounds which have been inflicted by an expensive and unsuccessful war on individual interests and na-

tional vanity, England will draw more real and solid advantages from the extension of her commerce with a wealthy and increasing empire, than she could ever have done by retaining her dominion over discontented subjects, by means of the bayonet." At this juncture an aide-de-camp came in with some papers, which he laid before the Marquis. "I must beg your pardon, Mr. Arundel," said he, "for leaving you, but my presence is required at the Hotel de Ville. I trust you will excuse me."

"Certainly," said Arundel; "I ought to apologise for the length of my visit to one with so many important avocations; but the interesting nature of our conversation made me forget that time is more valuable to you than to an idle man like myself. Assuredly," thought Arundel to himself, as he walked homewards, "M. de la Fayette has a good opinion of himself; but after all, it is not more than everybody else has of him, and he is very agreeable. I think Lord A. judged him too severely."

After a few days spent in visiting every thing in Paris most attractive to a stranger, he completed all his preparations for leaving that city for Versailles. On the day fixed for his departure, he called on Coralie with a ring he had

bought for her, in conformity with his promise; but not finding her at home, he left it with a short note, and the same evening found him established in a small apartment in the Avenue de Paris at Versailles. The following day he walked down to the building where the National Assembly held their sittings, desirous of witnessing the deliberations of that body, on whom the fate of France depended. When he got there, however, he found the door closed, the morning sitting being over: and he was in the act of turning away, when he was accosted in tolerable English by a gentleman, who asked him if he could be of any use to him.

The personal appearance of this individual was alone sufficient to arrest attention. He was somewhat above the middle height, and rather corpulent. The immense size of his head, rendered still more conspicuous by the prodigious quantity of hair he wore, which rather resembled the mane of a lion than the hair of a human being, served to enhance the ugliness of his features; but there was that indescribable air of genius and sagacity spread over his countenance, which one is almost tempted to think incompatible with manly beauty, and which completely neutralized the disagreeable impression a very plain face

would otherwise have produced.* His dress was distinguished by an affectation of research and magnificence, which seemed considerably at variance with his air and manner. Such was the person who proffered his services to Arundel. Thanking him for his offer, Arundel replied, that being only just arrived at Versailles, he was anxious to obtain an entrance into the National Assembly, but that he feared he had chosen his time ill. "The Assembly," said the other, "is now closed, but it will meet again tomorrow. You will easily find a place in the public galleries ; but as they are generally crowded with all sorts of persons, you will not be at your ease ; permit me, therefore, to offer you this card, which will admit you into a gallery, reserved for the friends of the deputies, whenever you feel inclined to attend."

Arundel again thanked him for his civility, and looking at the signature of his card, "Have I the honour," said he, "of addressing the Comte de Mirabeau ?"

"That is my name," replied the stranger.

"I am particularly fortunate in this meeting,"

* This is not very complimentary to the human face divine ; but I appeal to all my readers, whether amongst their acquaintance, they do not almost invariably find the most intellectual expression allied to the plainest features ?

said Arundel ; “ I have a letter of introduction to you from Serjeant Owen, and I had intended doing myself the honour of presenting it to you this afternoon.”

“ Any friend of Mr. Owen’s will be welcome to my house. I am under considerable obligations to him, and I shall feel most happy in this opportunity of showing that they are still present to my recollection. When I was in London some years ago, under very disagreeable circumstances, and was actually obliged to depend upon my pen for bread, Mr. Owen treated me more as a brother than a stranger, and I shall not easily forget it. I have several visits to make now, and a good deal of business to attend to ; but if you will dine with me to-day, you will meet a few pleasant companions, and I shall be delighted to have a further opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance.” Arundel gladly accepted the offer, and after a few more unimportant observations, the two new acquaintances separated.

The dinner-party at the Comte de Mirabeau’s gave Arundel an opportunity of seeing some of the most remarkable personages of the day. He was introduced to the Vicomte de Noailles, Barnave, the Marquis de Sillery, M. de Laclos,

Dumont, and some others. At first the conversation turned merely upon trifling subjects, as if the presence of a stranger had imposed a restraint upon the rest of the guests; but by degrees this wore off, and politics, the all-engrossing subject of the day, were gradually introduced. The first allusion was made by Barnave, with reference to the dinner which the *gardes du corps* had given a few days before to the other troops at Versailles. "Are we to wait," cried he, "till it pleases the king, or rather the queen, to order us to execution? I, for one, am not inclined to be offered up quietly as a victim on the altar of despotic vengeance."

"But who talks about vengeance?" quietly said Dumont. "I grant it was very imprudent in the royal family encouraging those drunken orgies by their presence; but after all there was no crime in it, and—"

"What!" said Sillery. "No crime!—the national colours trampled under foot, 'Death to the nation,' given as a toast; and the next day the queen says publicly, that she was enchanted with the preceding evening."

"Yes," hastily interposed Laclos; "and at this very moment, no one can go to the palace wearing the tricolour cockade, without being

threatened and insulted. The courtiers do not even conceal their designs, and talk of nothing but dissolving the assembly by force, and decimating its members. It is time all this should finish. The king is not capable of reigning—he is completely in the hands of the queen, and her faction: in short, nothing but a mere tool in the hands of the worst enemies of the nation. If we wish to complete the work we have begun, we must set the king on one side, and choose a regent, or lieutenant-general of the kingdom.”

“I have listened to you,” said the Vicomte de Noailles, “without interruption, as I was anxious to know with what proposal you would conclude; but I must beg you to understand, that I—and I am sure I am now speaking the sentiments of my brother-in-law, Lafayette—will never consent to any attempt to depose the king, or even infringe on his just authority. No one can doubt our attachment to the revolution, but if any thing could induce us to abandon it to its fate, it would be a project of that nature.”

“And I, too,” cried Barnave, “although I am called at the palace a little Nero, quite agree with de Noailles; nay, more—if I am condemned to live under a despotism, I had rather it should be that of Louis XVI, than that of the Duke of

Orleans. However, I maintain, that the king is not his own master ; and we should be justified in any measures we might think it right to take to free him from the thralldom in which he is held by a vile faction."

"And I," shouted out de Sillery, "cast back in your teeth the insinuations you have thrown out against the Duke of Orleans; if any thing should place him on the throne, his whole study would be how best to ensure the liberties and happiness of the nation."

"Peace, gentlemen," said Mirabeau, who had continued talking in an under tone to Arundel, apparently inattentive to what was passing at the other end of the table, though, in reality, nothing had escaped him, "peace, and let us not at all events give our enemies the pleasure of thinking that we are disunited and quarrelling among ourselves. We all wish the same thing—a free constitution, though, perhaps, we are not agreed upon the best plan for effecting our object. There can be no doubt that the king is surrounded by bad advisers. The ministry do not possess his confidence, nor do I much blame him for that. They are a set of incapables. Necker himself is like a clock that is always too slow ; and if measures are not speedily adopted

to prevent it, we shall be awakened some morning with the intelligence that the king has been carried off in the night to the frontiers. I confess, I think it very probable that we shall be obliged to have recourse to a temporary regency till the the constitution is finally settled ; but that is a question which it will be time enough to discuss when the emergency arrives ; in the mean time, to-morrow probably will prove the king's sincerity, as he must give his answer on some articles of the constitution which have been presented for his acceptance. But there is another point upon which I should like to be enlightened—and that is, the intentions of Lafayette. Perhaps you can explain them, de Noailles ; for at present it is difficult to say whether he is the partisan of the court, or the friend of the people. Three months ago, Lafayette was the most popular man in France ; but this ambiguity of conduct will ruin him. His reputation is no longer what it was ; one would almost think that he had only *sauté pour mieux reculer*."

Every body laughed at this sally ; and even de Noailles, who was a little jealous of his brother-in-law, was at no pains to conceal a smile, while he answered, that Lafayette had not put

him into his confidence, but that from what he knew of him, he felt sure that the people would ever find him their steady and consistent friend, though he would always be ready to oppose any acts of riot or insubordination.

“Yes,” cried the fiery Barnave; “but let him not hope to intimidate the people by the sword; we have not attacked the despotism of the monarch to fall under that of a military chief; nor do we seek to destroy a feudal aristocracy to erect that of a municipality in its stead. The people began the revolution, and it is clear to me, that they must carry it through themselves, if they do not wish to fall under the yoke of an army of shopkeepers.”

This observation was listened to approvingly by most of those present; soon after, the party began to break up, and in a few minutes Arundel found himself alone with Mirabeau, who had said that he wished to speak to him and Dumont.

“My friend Owen,” said Mirabeau, “has given me an outline of your story, and has begged me to assist you in any way you can point out, or that I can suggest. This request, for the reasons I gave you this morning, is to me a command; and fortunately, it so happens, that

I can at once find a way in which you may exercise your literary talents, with the certainty of a handsome remuneration. My friend Dumont, and myself, are engaged in a sort of journal, containing the proceedings of the Assembly, and other subjects of public interest. Of course I am able to do very little for it, and Dumont will be delighted to have you for a collaborateur ; you will be entitled to a third part of the profits, which are considerable. Take your time to consider about it, and let me know if you accept or not, as soon as you have made up your mind."

"Nothing can be more handsome than your offer," replied Arundel ; "or one that in many respects would suit me better ; but if I join you, I must adopt your projects and ideas ; as yet, I know nothing of them, and if I am to judge of them by what I heard this evening, I confess they would not suit me. You see, therefore, that unless you think me worthy of your entire confidence, I must decline your offer at once."

"Why, Mr. Arundel," exclaimed Dumont, "you must see the impossibility of the Count's making a confidant of a man he never saw before."

"No," said Mirabeau, after a pause ; "Mr.

Arundel is right, and I will trust him—trust him entirely. I will not insult him, even by asking for a promise of secrecy; with a man of honour it is not necessary—with a man of a contrary nature it would be useless. There is that about you, which claims my confidence, and you shall have it. I cannot see you to-morrow, as it will be a busy day with me; but come and breakfast with me the day after, and I will give you every explanation you require.”

With this promise, Arundel expressed himself perfectly satisfied, though he could not help doubting whether any explanation would permit him to attach himself to Mirabeau, being fully determined to have nothing to do with a party whose first object appeared to be the dethronement of the king.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning of the following day was enlivened by one of those beautiful October suns, which serve to diminish our regrets for the loss of summer, and prepare us by an easy transition for the rigours of winter. Arundel determined to take advantage of it to visit the environs of Versailles, and particularly the two *Trianons*. He was enjoying the delightful shades of the *petit Trianon*, when, at a turn of the walk, he found himself suddenly in the midst of a party of three ladies, one of whom he recognised as the queen. He made a short apology for having so involuntarily intruded on her privacy, and would have retired, when the queen stopped him. "I am not sorry to meet you here," said she, "on a spot I have endeavoured to render as like an

English park as possible—at least as far as I can judge of them by description ; and many persons who have been in England assure me, that I have succeeded very tolerably. I should like to hear your opinion, as I have always heard that Arundel castle possesses one of the finest parks in Great Britain.”

Arundel assured her that few spots even in his own country possessed so much beauty in the same space as that in which they then stood ; “but,” added he, “probably your Majesty is not aware that Arundel castle is no longer in the possession of my family; my father sold it many years ago.”

“I certainly was not aware of that,” replied the queen. “I should have thought, from what I have heard of it, and the drawings I have seen of it, that its owner would never have parted with so magnificent a possession. What can have induced him to take such a step?”

“He was compelled to it, madame,” replied Arundel, “by a heavy accumulation of debt. I am afraid,” added he, smiling, “that the splendid equipages of my grandfather at Vienna, which your Majesty was kind enough to speak of with praise a few nights ago, are one of the reasons why I, his representative, am obliged to go on foot.”

“I am very sorry I should have introduced a subject which must naturally be so painful to you,” said the Queen; “believe me, it was quite unintentional.”

“I feel,” rejoined Arundel, “that it is quite impossible that the Queen should ever involuntarily give pain to any one; and, in the present instance, certainly I feel none. I may say, like Francis I., we have lost everything except our honour, and as long as that remains untarnished, we have no reason to complain of our lot.”

“But how is it possible,” asked her Majesty, “that your father did not apply to his Sovereign for assistance?—no King would have allowed the head of such a family, and whose members have always, as I have heard, been employed in the public service, to have asked in vain for the means of redeeming his patrimony from the hands of his creditors?”

“Madam,” answered Arundel, “it is not the custom in England, to apply to the monarch for pecuniary assistance, under such circumstances; nor is there any fund available for this purpose.”

“Ah!” said the Queen, “we manage such things better in France—or rather did, for I suppose, if they could, the National Assembly

would deprive the King of what constitutes his greatest happiness, the power of rewarding his faithful servants, and relieving the embarrassments of his nobles."

Arundel made no reply; after a minute's silence she continued—

"You say nothing—are you not of my opinion, that it is one of the dearest prerogatives of a Sovereign?"

"Undoubtedly, Madam; there can be none dearer to the heart of a King—and I may say without flattery, particularly of such a King as now sits on the throne of France—than the power of rewarding services; but my father had performed no services, and I do not see how a man of honour can lay himself under a pecuniary obligation, even to his Sovereign, particularly—" he hesitated for a moment.

"Well sir," said the Queen, impatiently, "particularly?"

Arundel continued, "Particularly when he knows that the money given to him comes from the pockets of those who probably want it more than he does."

"I see, sir!" said the Queen, rather warmly; "I need not have warned you the other night to be careful in your choice of instructors. It seems

already made, and to do them justice, they appear to have thrown their seed on a fruitful soil."

A pause ensued, and Arundel, who felt the embarrassment of his position, wished most eagerly to be dismissed; but he was not destined to get away so easily.

"Will you allow me to ask, sir," said the Queen, at length, "if you have made any acquaintance since your arrival in France?"

"Very few, Madam!"

"And who are they? Of course, if it is a secret, I do not insist upon an answer."

"I have no secrets, Madam. The only persons whose acquaintance I have made are my banker Mons. Martin, his son the Comte de Beauvoisin, Mons. de Lafayette, and M. de Mirabeau, at whose house I dined yesterday, and where I met M.M. de Sillery, Laclos, Barnave, de Noailles, and a M. Dumont."

"In short, sir," said the Queen, sharply, "I may congratulate you upon having been within a week of your arrival|admitted into the councils of traitors and rebels, who seek to deprive the king of his throne, and me of my life. Oh! Mlle. de Romainville," said she, turning to a lady behind her, "you see the folly of prepos-

sessions. You were too rash when you so confidently asserted that the name alone of Arundel was sufficient to guarantee the truth and loyalty of the person to whom it belonged."

"Madam," said a low, sweet voice, close behind the Queen, "I spoke according to my conviction. Mr. Arundel may have dined with rebels without participating in their projects."

Arundel looked round in the direction of the person from whom these words proceeded, and was astonished to see that it was a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen, who had so courageously undertaken his defence; and in the warmth of his gratitude, he came to the conviction that he had never before beheld any being so perfectly lovely. Although so young, her person had already begun to assume the shape and proportions of womanhood, and was moulded in the most exquisite and sylph-like form. The contour of her face, and the regularity of her features, were such as a Phidias would have chosen for a model; her large dark eyes had a languid softness in them, which singularly contrasted with their brilliancy; while her jet black hair, free from the contamination of powder, which was then the prevailing fashion, served to enhance the transparency of her skin, and the marble whiteness of her forehead.

As Arundel gazed upon her, the colour, which had risen to her cheeks when the Queen so suddenly addressed her, assumed a still deeper hue, and the blood rushed through the violet veins with a violence that threatened to break through such frail restraints. For a moment Arundel forgot where he was, and could have thrown himself at her feet to worship in her a being of a superior order; but recollecting himself, he said:

“ I grieve deeply, Madam, that I should have unwittingly exposed myself to your displeasure; yet I will venture to say this much, that my unknown defender will never have cause to repent of having pledged herself for my honour and truth. I dined with the Count de Mirabeau, whom I had never seen till that morning, not knowing whom I should meet at his house; and if he has formed any such projects as those which your Majesty mentioned, I can only say, not only that I am no party to them, but that I should recoil with horror from all participation in them. I might further urge in my extenuation, if any previous part of my conversation has offended your Majesty, that I am the native of a country where all classes by themselves or their representatives enjoy a share in the government of the State, and where the proudest title of the

Sovereign, is that of first magistrate of the people. So far, however, from being the friend of traitors or rebels, your Majesty would find me as ready as any of your subjects to sacrifice my life for your safety, should circumstances endanger it; though I am convinced that it is a case so improbable, that my saying so, must seem like a piece of idle boasting. I have only further to ask your Majesty's permission to withdraw."

"Stop, Mr. Arundel," said the Queen; "you must not leave me in anger. I cannot afford now to add to the list of my enemies through false pride. I believe you, sir; and though, with your principles, I will not ask you to become one of our friends, I cease to rank you amongst our enemies. The Queen of France, if she cannot always avoid lending an ear to injurious reports, is not ashamed to acknowledge and repair her injustice when convinced of it;" and she gave her hand to Arundel to kiss. "And as for you, Gertrude," turning to Mlle. de Romainville with infinite grace and kindness; "recollect, I consider you as a hostage for the good faith of your countryman."

The young lady so addressed replied that she cheerfully accepted the charge; and Arundel

was about to ask how he could be the countryman of Mlle. de Romainville, when Mme. de Tourzelles, who was one of the party, told the Queen that the Comte de Fersen was running after them, and making signs to them to stop. In a few minutes he joined them, and as soon as he recovered his breath, he said—

“I have been seeking your Majesty all over the park. I am just come from Paris; an immense multitude of women have assembled, and are on their march to Versailles, under the pretence of asking the King for bread. I did not observe many men amongst them; but altogether they are the most atrocious-looking *canaille* I ever saw. It was with the greatest difficulty I could get out of Paris without being stopped by them. In the Champs Elysées I saw them stop a carriage, and make two well-dressed ladies get out, whom they compelled to join them; and I am told they do the same to every woman they meet, no matter what her condition or age. Your Majesty must instantly return to the palace.”

“Is there any danger, then?” said Mme. de Tourzelles; for the Queen, though evidently much agitated, was too proud to ask the question.

"It would not be safe for the Queen," replied the Count, "to meet alone a band of furies, many of whom are excited by the most horrible calumnies against her person. In the palace of course there is nothing to apprehend, in the midst of your guards and faithful servants—even if they are followed, as they probably will be, by a body of men."

"Where is the King?" said the Queen, at length.

"His Majesty is unfortunately shooting at Meudon; but an express has been sent off to him, and he will probably be at Versailles as soon as we are."

"Come, then," said the Queen; "let us lose no time. M. de Fersen, give me your arm—my poor Gertrude, how you tremble, how pale you look; take the arm of Mr. Arundel,"—(M. de Tourzel had already got some distance on her way to the palace).

"Arundel!" exclaimed de Fersen, turning sharply round; "is that Mr. Arundel?—has your majesty then forgotten—"

"Mr. Arundel has explained every thing," interrupted the Queen, "to my entire satisfaction."

"And," said Arundel, piqued by the Count's manner and look, "her Majesty is the only per-

son on earth to whom that explanation would have been made."

Fersen was about to reply, when the Queen, taking his arm, moved slowly on.

"I confess I am curious to know," said Arundel, as he offered his arm to Mlle. de Romainville, "what the Queen meant when she called me your countryman."

"My mother was an Englishwoman," replied Gertrude.

"And how came you to take up the defence of a man who must be totally unknown to you?"

"Your name is not unknown to me; and I could not bear to hear you represented as the friend and accomplice of those horrible men."

"I feel indeed proud of my name," replied her companion, "since it has procured me so fair an advocate; still I am at a loss to know on what occasion I could have been so misrepresented—who can have an interest in so speaking of me?"

"Your name was mentioned, as it were, incidentally, and I quite forget by whom."

"If you would add to the obligations you have already conferred on me, you would try to recollect," said Arundel.

"Indeed I cannot: and," added she, seeing

him smile incredulously, "if I could I would not tell you ; it could not do you any good, and might injure us both. Oh ! Mr. Arundel," continued she, after a short silence, "do not go near that wicked party any more ; you do not know what harm it may do you. If you do not join them even, you will be considered as their accomplice if you are seen with them ; and you cannot guess how easily the simplest things may be turned against you, in a court where there are as many envious rivals as there are inhabitants. Why would not you offer your services to the Queen, when she so evidently wished you to do so?"

"In the first place," replied Arundel, "I do not remember any expression of her majesty's that seemed to invite me to do so ; in the next, it would be ridiculous in so insignificant a person as myself to imagine my services worth offering ; and, lastly, to tell you the truth, I could not conscientiously embrace the interests of a party that seem to me determined to employ force to reimpose a despotism on France, from which she is hardly yet delivered, any more than I would join a faction that seeks its own aggrandizement by the subversion of the throne. But you, Mlle. de Romainville, who seem to have so

just a notion of a court, how can you wish to enlist me as a member of it?—and how is it that you, so young, are left alone in such a dangerous situation?”

“ My father, the Marquis de Romainville, has been absent for many months from Paris, on business ; and the Queen was kind enough to take charge of me during his absence, and insisted upon my residing at Versailles, though he rather wished me to remain in a convent till his return. It is perhaps selfish in me to desire to see you attach yourself to the court ; but I love the Queen too sincerely not to wish to see her surrounded by those she can depend upon. I do not understand these matters much, but I can see that my kind mistress and benefactress is often induced to take steps against her own judgment, by the importunities of those, who, I much fear, consult only their passions or their interests. One real friend would be worth the whole host of courtiers, by whom she is surrounded.”

“ When I listen to you,” said Arundel, “ I am obliged to turn round and look at you, to be quite sure that I have not a hoary-headed statesman hanging on my arm, instead of a beautiful young lady. Your years are few, but your observations are older than your years.”

“One grows old fast at court,” was the reply ; “but see, there is the palace ; it is not yet too late to alter your decision—let me tell the Queen she has one friend the more—how happy it would make me.”

“A dangerous temptation that ; and if I resist it, judge of my sincerity when I say, that her friend, if I may venture, without presumption, to use the word, I shall ever be—the partizan of the court never.”

“Never !” repeated Gertrude, with something like a sigh ; “in a few minutes we part, probably never to meet again, for our paths through life must be widely different ; but let me warn you—and do not laugh at me for presuming to do so ; think you hear rather the voice of a sincere friend—do not take part in any wild revolutionary project ; believe me, you will be involved in the ruin than is even now hanging over the heads of the traitors. The King has the power, and he will use it ; not, as you said, to establish despotic power, but to punish his rebellious subjects.”

So thought the court, even on the 5th of October. Arundel was much struck with the earnestness of her manner ; but though burning to do so, from motives of delicacy, refrained from

pressing for information as to the designs of the royalists. He endeavoured to answer with an air of gaiety : “ I hope, Mademoiselle, that you will be a false prophetess, at least in one part of your prediction—that which forbids me all hope of ever seeing you again ; if I am excluded from court, at all events, I trust, when your father returns, I may be allowed to pay my homage to my fair countrywoman at his own house.”

“ Oh, never ! ” exclaimed Gertrude ; “ the mere fact of your having dined with Mirabeau would be sufficient to make him shut his doors against you for ever.”

“ I see you are determined, if possible, to drive me to despair ; but I warn you, I am very sanguine, and not easily discouraged. Only one thing could do that, and that would be your forbidding me your presence.”

“ That is very prettily said, though not quite new,” replied Gertrude, coldly ; “ but you forget that young as I am, I form part of the court, and am condemned to hear a hundred things of the same sort every day.”

“ Perhaps so ; but never with the same sincerity, though probably better turned, and more French, which, no doubt, pleases your ear better

than the language of one you deigned to call your countryman." Arundel spoke with some asperity, for he was piqued at being thus, as it were, repulsed by a little girl of fifteen.

"Nay, do not be angry with me," said Gertrude, "for shewing you that you were losing your time in paying me compliments. The language of my country—I mean to say your language—the English language, is my favourite, and I have given you a good proof of it, I think, in talking so much in it; for which I should fear to appear very forward, were I not convinced that you will not so misjudge me. Is it not so?" and she pressed her hand slightly on the arm she was holding. Arundel could not resist the temptation of kissing it, but so lightly that Gertrude either was not, or appeared not be aware of it.

In the mean time the Comte de Fersen had been warmly expostulating with the Queen, on the imprudence of having held a conversation of such length with Arundel—a man who it was well known, as he affirmed, was the friend of Mirabeau and Lafayette, and probably the confident of their dangerous schemes, if indeed he was not, as there was reason to believe, the emissary of the revolutionary party in London.

The Queen at first was partly of his opinion ; but not liking to be taken to task in this manner, defended her conduct with tenacity, and like most women, certainly like all queens, increased in obstinacy as the accuser increased in vehemence, till she ended by warmly espousing the cause of Arundel himself, and imposing silence on de Fersen in an imperious manner which he was little accustomed to. Perceiving the bad policy of his conduct, he endeavoured to turn off what he had been saying, by imputing it to an unbounded zeal for the royal family ; while he promised himself in his heart, to be revenged on the man who had exposed him to so disagreeable a rebuke.

By this time, they had reached the private entrance to the palace ; and Mlle. Romainville and Arundel coming up, the latter would have retired, but the Queen told him in the manner she knew so well how to render inexpressibly fascinating, that it would be height of ingratitude in her to dismiss her knight so cavalierly, and desired him to follow them to the private apartments. They had not been long here, before they were joined by the King, who had returned from Meudon on the first intelligence which had reached him of the march of the

mob on Versailles. He seemed vexed and annoyed: "How tiresome this is," said he, "to be interrupted in the midst of my sport, and I was never better disposed to enjoy it. What is the meaning of all this? I have not bread to give these poor women. Why does not the National Assembly manage these things better?—they seem inclined to meddle with every thing; the least they can do is to take care that there is an abundance of provisions for the capital."

"Had you not better, sir," replied the Queen, "see the ministers?—they are assembled in the palace, and are only waiting your presence, to begin their deliberations."

"I wish they had left me in peace at Meudon, and settled it amongst themselves," said Louis. "Really one would think that all Paris was coming to attack us, instead of a few poor starving women;" and with these words he left the room.

By this time, the female army had arrived at Versailles. Early in the morning, a spirit of exasperation had manifested itself all over Paris, caused principally by the absolute impossibility of procuring bread or the commonest necessities of life; and this broke out into open insurrection, when reports arrived from Versailles of the events of the few preceding days, and the manner in

which the inhabitants of the palace affected to treat the National Assembly, and those who wore the colours of the nation. A young girl, belonging to the markets, seized upon a drum, and having speedily collected a great number of her companions, proceeded at their head to the Hotel de Ville, uttering loud cries for bread, and threatening vengeance on the authorities, if their demands were not instantly complied with. At every step they took, their numbers increased; and being joined by a body of men armed with pikes, they forced the guard at the Hotel de Ville, and seized upon all the arms which were collected in the magazine. Intoxicated with this success, they then attempted to set the building on fire, when a man of the name of Maillard, who had been distinguished amongst those who had attacked and taken the Bastille, threw himself among them at the peril of his life, and succeeded in preventing them from carrying their intentions into execution. At last, in the midst of the uproar and confusion, a voice was heard, proposing that they should go to Versailles, and ask the king himself for bread. This proposal was adopted by acclamation. The municipality in vain attempted to dissuade them. The tocsin was sounded all

over Paris, the drums beat to arms, the national guards assembled, but refused to interfere. In this dilemma the civic authorities begged Maillard, who appeared to have some influence over them, to put himself at their head, and endeavour to keep them as quiet as possible during their march. He was joyfully accepted as their leader; and in this manner, with drums beating, flags flying, and accompanied by the pikemen who had joined them, they began their march to Versailles, to the number of 8000, which was every moment increased by those who, either willingly, or by compulsion, entered their ranks. Thanks to the intelligence and energy of Maillard, they arrived at Versailles without having committed any depredations on the way. This was about three o'clock, and he then persuaded them to lay aside every appearance of hostility, and assume rather the guise of suppliants than that of an invading army. He presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly, accompanied by a deputation of fifteen women, and explained the motives that induced them to come, appealing to the humanity of the deputies to take some steps for their immediate relief. The National Assembly, no doubt anxious to get rid of such petitioners, voted in all

haste an address to the King ; and desired the president to take it up to him without delay. The deputation insisted upon accompanying him, and to the number of five, were admitted into the royal presence, where they were received with the greatest kindness and affability, and the King instantly signed an order for the transport of corn to Paris. They then retired to join their companions, and the King returned to the apartments of the Queen, whither he desired the ministers to follow him. Arundel was still there, her Majesty having expressed a wish for him to remain, till all chance of disturbance was over ; an injunction he the more readily obeyed, because he was himself most anxious to see the turn matters would take, and not sorry to have this occasion of proving the sincerity of his professions : perhaps, also, there existed a lurking feeling that made him unwilling to leave the presence of Mlle. de Romainville—but what that feeling was, it would have been a difficult task to analyze or explain. Love it certainly was not, could not be—for a girl of fifteen, whom he had not known more than two hours ; it could only be a feeling of compassion, at seeing one so young, so unprotected, placed in a situation of such difficulty, possibly of danger—at least,

so he argued to himself. But he had not much time to pursue this train of thought; for the King, followed by some of the ministers and courtiers, entered the apartment. "Well," said he, "I have seen them, and they are gone away quite satisfied. Certainly, if all my subjects resembled them, my crown would be a light one. One of them, a remarkably pretty, modest-looking girl, actually fainted away, as soon as she got into my presence; and the rest seemed too much frightened to speak, till I encouraged them."

"That," said the Duc de Fronsac, "is the natural effect of the majesty which encircles the person of the King. The fiercest demagogue of the Palais Royal would become mute in the royal presence."

The Queen made a gesture of contempt, and said, "At all events we had better not rely too much on this magical power. What steps have been taken to repress any insurrection or riot, in case such should break out?"

"Madam," said M. de Montmorin, the minister for foreign affairs, "the garrison of the town are under arms, and every precaution has been taken to enable us to repel any attack, by force, should such be attempted; but I do not

anticipate any disturbance, and we have received a message from M. de La Fayette, stating that order is completely reestablished at Paris. There was a slight affray, a short time ago, between a few Gardes du Corps and some of the *canaille*, but it was easily appeased. The weather too is in our favour," (it was beginning to rain in torrents); "the mob, worn out with fatigue, and drenched to the skin, are thinking more of finding shelter and getting food than of any attempts at riot. The Comte d'Estaing also assures us that we may depend upon the National Guard of Versailles to a man."

"If we have nothing but the assurances of M. d'Estaing to depend upon," replied the Queen, "I should not feel very comfortable. I cannot bear that man; I am sure he is false and treacherous: but I own the rest of the measures you have taken completely reassure me. I will, therefore,—"

Here she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Madame de Tourzelles, who exclaimed, "Oh, madam, we are lost!—Lafayette is marching here at the head of the whole national guard of Paris, with the avowed intention of destroying us all. M. de Varicourt is just returned from Paris, and has brought the news;

he is waiting in the *Œil de Bœuf*, in case the King wishes to see him."

Montmorin did not wait for the King's orders, but rushed out, and speedily returned with the *Garde du Corps*. From his account, it appeared that he had seen the national guard, under the command of Lafayette, leave Paris with the purpose of marching to Versailles; but what their intentions were he had not heard, as he had returned, with all possible despatch, to warn the court of what was passing.

For some moments after he had finished his recital, nothing was to be heard but loud exclamations against Lafayette's treachery, after having sought to lull them into security by his message relative to the tranquillity of the capital. The Queen was particularly vehement, and in her anger she turned to Arundel and said, "You see, sir, the loyalty and honour of your friend, M. de Lafayette. He endeavours to put us off our guard, that he may the more easily accomplish his rebellious purposes."

"Madam," said Arundel, calmly, "Lafayette is no friend of mine. I do not give that title to a man I have seen but once in my life, and that only for half-an-hour; but it does not appear to me to be by any means certain that his approach

here is to be considered as an act of hostility. He may have thought it advisable to follow the mob who arrived this morning, in order to prevent their committing any excess. If I might presume to advise, it would be to send some one to him to learn his intentions."

"Mr. Arundel says right," cried Montmorin; "who shall we send?"

No one answered. "Send one of the piqueurs," said the Duc de Fronsac.

"That would be but bad policy," said Arundel; "the Marquis would certainly take it as an insult, and it is not wise to make an enemy of the man on whom so much depends. If there is no one else to go, I shall be most happy to undertake the task, if the King will accept my services. I will see Lafayette, and return with all possible speed to inform you of his intentions."

After a short deliberation, his offer was accepted; and being provided with a horse, he set out on his mission.

"He will never return," said the Count de Fersen, as soon as the door closed on him; "I must say it was an act of imprudence, allowing him to go and expose the situation in which we are to that arch-traitor Lafayette."

This observation was addressed, apparently, to

Monsieur de Montmorin, but a glance at the Queen shewed for whom it was intended ; neither of them, however, made any answer—both, perhaps, at this insinuation, beginning to doubt the wisdom of the step they had taken. Gertrude, however, again stood forth the champion of the absent. “ If he does not come back, sir,” said she, “ it will be because he has fallen a victim to his zeal, which prompted him to go on so dangerous a mission, and which without him probably would never have been undertaken ; for I must say, everybody else seemed to think it more agreeable, if not safer, to remain here. Oh ! Madam,” added she, turning to the Queen, “ can you allow any one who is risking his life in your service to be thus accused in your presence ? ”

“ No, my child,” replied the Queen, in a low voice ; “ I am as convinced as you are of Mr. Arundel’s good faith, but I hope you exaggerate the perils to which he is exposed. Dry your tears ; I shall almost be tempted to think you are in love with this hero of yours. Nay, you need not blush so violently. Come with me ; I am going to the apartments of the Dauphin, and want you with me.”

While this discussion was going on in the

palace, the object of it proceeded on his road, though not without considerable difficulty and interruption. Fortunately he had furnished himself with a cockade of the national colours, of which he took care to make a conspicuous display. This, and the fact of his being an Englishman, (for at that time Englishmen were in high favour in France), which was easily perceived by his accent, afforded him an effectual and necessary protection from the mob through which he had to pass. Twenty times was he stopped and questioned by straggling parties of men, armed with pikes, axes, and even bludgeons, with whom the road was covered; and it required all his address to evade their questions, and extricate himself from their hands. At length he reached the advanced guard of the Parisian army, which was advancing with all the precautions commonly used in an enemy's country. On his demand he was immediately conducted to the General, who had halted for a few minutes on the high road, in the midst of the rain and darkness, to rest his wearied troops. To him he explained the object of his coming. Lafayette was in despair when he heard the interpretation put upon his conduct.

“When I sent off my messenger,” said he, “I

had just succeeded in persuading the national guard to disband and retire to their homes. Judge of my feelings, when I heard, half-an-hour afterwards, that they were still assembled, and determined to march to Versailles. I went back immediately, and harangued them, but, for the first time, in vain. They were surrounded by a multitude of pikemen, who drowned my voice, and excited them to persist in their determination—you see we are still accompanied by them. Whether there has been any secret agency at work, I cannot tell; though I confess, I have my suspicions. In this dilemma I sent to the municipality, entreating them to interpose their authority. The only answer I received was an order to put myself at the head of the troops, and lead them to Versailles. Seeing they were determined to go, I thought I could do nothing better than obey, and fortunately my compliance has restored my authority and influence over them. You may assure the king, that they are animated by the best spirit; and so far from his having anything to apprehend from them, I will answer with my head for their fidelity, should there be any attempt at a riot, or any attack against the palace. The most prudent step for his Majesty to take, will be to keep the household

troops out of sight, and not to show any signs of distrust. I do not think I can be at Versailles before eleven o'clock, the weather is so bad, and the troops are tired and wet. *En attendant*, I will send one of my aides-de-camp with you, to lay at the feet of his Majesty the assurances of my loyalty and devotion to his service. Indeed, I had already given my instructions for that purpose to the Comte de Beauvoisin, who will accompany you."

"With pleasure," exclaimed the officer alluded to; "I shall be able to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Arundel, who, I am afraid, has forgotten me."

"Not at all," cried Arundel; "the events of the last few days must be my excuse for any seeming neglect; but let us set forward—we can talk on the way, and I am anxious to allay the uneasiness at the palace."

After a few minutes' private conversation with Lafayette, de Beauvoisin and Arundel mounted their horses, and were soon on their way to Versailles.

"Well," cried the former, as they galloped along, "we little thought where our next meeting would be, when we parted last. No more *petits soupers*, I am afraid, for some time to-

come ; this cursed soldiering takes up all my time. Lafayette made such a point of it, that I could not refuse belonging to his staff. Beside, after all, it is pleasanter than mounting guard with a musket on my shoulder. But I am sick of it all, and if it is to last much longer I shall wish the revolution at the devil. However, I have one compensation ; I suppose you know the Duc de St. Maurice has emigrated, and taken his daughter with him ; I sincerely hope he will never come back."

"Well, for an accepted lover that is not very gallant," said Arundel, laughing ; "but come, do let us get on as fast as we can—the court are in dreadful anxiety."

"Well, and if they are," replied the Count, "they have brought it on themselves. I have no pity for their ridiculous terrors—at this moment I dare say they are devoting us all most cordially to the infernal gods ; I wish this rain fell on them instead of us, but come—" seeing his companion's impatience—"I will take compassion on you, and ride as fast as I can ; though I suppose, if the truth were known, it is some fair flower that blooms at Versailles, that is the cause of all this hurry—Ha ! have I hit you?"

"Not exactly ; I never was admitted to the

presence of the royal family till this morning, except when I was presented, and it was quite accidental my being there to-day. They had no one else to send, so I offered myself."

"Ay, so I suppose," rejoined de Beauvoisin; "the courtiers knew better than to venture their precious persons amongst our Parisian friends. If you had been killed or detained, I do not suppose any great lamentations would have been made, for I hear you are no extraordinary favourite at the palace; of course I except the lady of your thoughts, for I am sure you have one, although you parried my question so skillfully. Well, I ask no questions, I depend upon my own sagacity to find it out; and what is more, I will keep your secret, though you do not deserve it; I will not even tell it to Coralie. By-the-by, what have you done to that same Coralie? You must have given her a philter, or love powder; she can talk of no one else—she absolutely raves about you to such a degree, that her *fermier general*, who is the most passive of men, at last got bored with it, and had serious intentions of begging you to take her into the country for a fortnight or three weeks, till her love fit was over; you have bewitched her, that is certain. I wish you would give me your receipt."

"I am afraid I have none to give," replied Arundel; "unless it be, that I treated her with great rudeness."

"Not a bad way either, in some circumstances," said the Count; "but see, we are arrived. You had better present yourself first, and announce my advent."

Arundel was soon in the presence of the royal family, and having given an account of his mission, de Beauvoisin was sent for. While he was executing the commission he had received from his chief, Arundel approached Mlle. de Romainville, who had returned to the apartment with her royal mistress.

"Thank God!" cried she, "you are returned in safety. Did you meet with no interruption?"

"With none of any importance—with none but what are a thousand times repaid by your deeming me worth a thought. I did not dare to hope that I had left one person here, who could consider my safety of the slightest consequence."

"I assure you, Sir," said the Queen, who had approached unobserved, "you do us injustice; at least, I will answer for myself and Gertrude. But tell me candidly what you think of the Marquis de La Fayette's dispositions, for of course we cannot expect to learn them from his aide-de-camp."

“Madam, I am convinced the message he sent the King was spoken in the sincerity of his heart, and I presume he knows how far he can rely upon the fidelity of his army: yet I cannot forget that he reckoned falsely on his influence over them this morning, and they are accompanied by bands of men over whom he has not the slightest controul. I confess I wish your Majesty and the royal family had not remained to-night at Versailles.”

“Are you not aware—” rejoined the Queen; “Oh! I remember, it was after your departure; we attempted to leave the palace, and the carriages were forced to return by the National Guard of Versailles, whom the Count d’Estaing assured us we might depend upon to a man. Alas! alas! all we do seems to be done a quarter of an hour too late. But what can they do?—surely they will never venture to attack the palace; though why should they not?—they may venture everything. I am to be the victim. Mirabeau but too plainly announced that, when he proposed to declare the person of the King alone inviolable. They try to persuade the people that my heart is not French. Ah! if they could but see it!”

Arundel could not but acknowledge to himself

that she was in the right, when she supposed that she might be the victim of a successful attack on the part of the mob. He replied however cautiously.

“That your Majesty has enemies, is, I am afraid, too true; though I cannot, I will not believe, that they would dare to attempt any violence against your person; still, it would perhaps be more prudent to retire from Versailles, till this popular effervescence is calmed. If the Queen will trust herself to my guidance, I will answer with my life for bringing her in safety to Rambouillet, or any other place she may choose to name; but no time must be lost, and I must be invested with full authority to enable me to make the necessary preparations.”

The Queen stood a moment silent, as if lost in thought; Gertrude conjured her to adopt Arundel's advice, and trust to him. “What!” exclaimed she, at length, “and abandon the king and my children in that moment of peril? Never!—I had rather die a thousand deaths! No!” and her eye flashed fire as she spoke, “I am Queen of France, and if I am selected as a victim, it shall never be said that I attempted to save myself by means unworthy of my high station, or by a base dereliction of my duty. Mr. Arundel, I thank you, but I cannot accept your

generous offer. You have this night acquired claims to my gratitude and esteem which it will not be easy to acquit; but I trust the day will come, when I may be able to show that I know how to acknowledge your services. You must not leave me without some token of my friendship. My love," said she, turning to Mlle. de Romainville; "you must assist me, for I have nothing to offer Mr. Arundel; give him that ring I gave you yesterday, and I will replace it to-morrow. It will be doubly acceptable when coming from the hands of one who has shewn herself so warm a friend and so able a champion. In happier days we will endeavour to redeem it; till then, keep it as a pledge of our intentions."

"Madam," replied Arundel, "I am already rewarded far beyond my deserts by the gracious manner in which your Majesty is pleased to speak of my very slight services, and the opportunity you have afforded me of reconquering your good opinion. This ring, thus bestowed, is more precious in my eyes than the highest honours in the power of royalty to confer; and I should feel lowered in my own opinion, as I undoubtedly should be in that of your Majesty, were I to aspire to any further recompense."

“I see,” said Marie Antoinette, “that your pride is flattered by the idea of keeping the Queen of France your debtor. I will say no more now on that subject; but you must stand in need of repose and refreshment; you look dreadfully tired—we will detain you no longer, and I wish you could contrive to take the Comte de Beauvoisin with you; he is only a restraint upon us here.”

“I assure you, Madam,” said Arundel, “I stand in no need of repose; but, with your permission, I will watch for Lafayette’s approach, and bring you the news of it.”

A nod from the Queen assented, and having made a sign to de Beauvoisin, who was standing by himself, (all the courtiers having withdrawn from his vicinity, as they would from that of a man infected with the plague,) they retired together.

CHAPTER IX.

THE two friends proceeded a short distance in silence; but as that was a state of things most repugnant to the Count's nature, he broke through the restraint imposed upon him by his companion's taciturnity, by exclaiming: "Well, I congratulate you; your amours cannot but go on smoothly, when you have a Queen to protect and assist them; may I venture to ask the name of the lady?"

"If you mean the name of the young lady who was standing near the Queen, while she was conversing with me, it is Mlle. de Romainville. As for your other remarks, you will see the absurdity of them, when I tell you that she is a mere girl—not more than fifteen, I should ima-

gine, and that I never saw her before this morning."

"And you are what?—one-and-twenty, I should suppose. Six years difference of age is not too much, and in another year she will be a woman; I hope you will ask me to your wedding."

"I have already told you," said Arundel, impatiently, "I never saw her before this morning."

"Ah! indeed!" pursued his tormentor; "you have lost no time then. It is indeed the *veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar; for you will not persuade me that a lady gives a gentleman a ring from her own finger, when he is indifferent to her."

"That was done," said Arundel, "at the express desire of the Queen, who wished to bestow on me some token of her favour, in return for what she is pleased to consider my services. But enough of this—I have no objection to your making me the object of your raillery, as long as you find any amusement in it; but I must beg you will not introduce the name of a lady for whom I certainly feel nothing like love; but who has shewn herself worthy of my respect and esteem."

"Oh! if it is so serious a business," rejoined the Count, in an altered tone, "I have done; this much let me add—I am truly sorry to find

thet the Queen has been so successful in drawing you into her nets ; and if it is not too late, consider well what you are about. Remember the use Catherine de Medicis made of her maids of honour. In the meantime I must leave you, for the General desired me to go to the Hotel de Noailles, and order an apartment to be prepared for him.”

Arundel wished him good night rather coldly, and returned slowly to his own lodgings, half pleased, half annoyed at the events of the day. He could not conceal from himself, that the feelings with which Gertrude had inspired him were widely different from any thing he had ever felt before, and the more he endeavoured to reason himself into a state of indifference towards her, the more deeply did her image engrave itself upon his heart. Her rare beauty—the ineffable and touching look of gentleness that pervaded her features—the tinge of melancholy that was slightly perceptible on her youthful countenance—the soft, mellow tones of her voice—and above all, the courage with which she alone had undertaken his defence, while yet unknown to her—all reproduced themselves to his excited imagination in rapid succession, and he again felt the thrill

of emotion which had vibrated through his frame when he had received from her hands the ring she had worn. A new existence appeared to open upon him, in which Mlle. de Romainville always occupied the most prominent station. But then again the picture would change; the dark, uncertain future, showed itself in the most gloomy colours. Chance alone had made him acquainted with Mlle. de Romainville; and in all probability, a deep, an impassable barrier, would in a few hours be again interposed between them. Perhaps there was a way of avoiding this, by devoting himself to the court—but the thought lasted but for a moment; De Beauvoisin's parting warning came across his mind, and he shuddered to think how much he had already been compromised by circumstances, over which he had had no control. In his heart he could not but acknowledge that there might be some foundation for his friend's suspicions; and he could not help fearing that the attraction he felt towards Gertrude had been remarked by the Queen, and that she might endeavour to use it for her own purposes. This idea partly restored him to his senses; and he determined, as soon as the present crisis was passed, to expose himself no more to such temp-

tations, which, if yielded to, could only end in the misery of one at least of the parties concerned: as even if Gertrude participated in his feelings, it was out of the question to suppose that her father would bestow her upon one who, in his eyes, could be little better than an indigent adventurer, and whose political sentiments were so totally opposed to his own.

Such were the resolutions of Arundel—resolutions which, at one-and-twenty, are so easily made and so seldom kept; and in his case they were more than counterbalanced by a latent though unacknowledged hope, that some unforeseen occurrence might occur, which would justify him in breaking through them. He was also annoyed that another should have ventured to rally him upon feelings which he endeavoured to conceal even from himself. The indefinable sensation which he felt for Gertrude, and which as yet could hardly be called love, was still such, that he considered it as a profanation to have it even suspected, much more to have it openly alluded to. Love, such as he was capable of feeling, is too delicate a blossom to brook exposure to the gaze of the world; more especially in one whose reserved nature would have prevented his confiding his secret to the ears of his

dearest friend. He had even found it difficult to restrain himself from answering de Beauvoisin's ill-timed *badinage* with more asperity than the circumstances of the case would have justified.

Such was the current of his thoughts, as he slowly sauntered homewards after the Count had taken leave of him; but they were soon turned into another direction. As he passed through the crowds of men and women, with whom the town was filled—some of them lying down pell-mell in the mud together, trying to sleep off the effects of intoxication—others, collected in groups, haranguing and disputing together—the dangers of the day appeared to him to be no means over; he became more and more anxious for the appearance of Lafayette and the Parisian army, and till their arrival he determined to remain in the neighbourhood of the palace, that he might be able to give the alarm on the first symptom of any disturbance.

Having changed his clothes, and eaten some supper, of which he stood in great need, in about an hour he again sallied forth, and directed his steps to the Place d'Armes. By this time it was quite deserted, although the weather was a little better; and by the lights which flickered in

the different guard houses, he saw that they were crowded with women, some endeavouring to get a little sleep on the benches and even floor, while others were drinking and conversing with the soldiers, with whom they seemed to be upon the best possible terms. All being quiet in this quarter, he went round the palace, and entered the garden. He found himself, before he was aware of it, near the great piece of water, when he thought he saw two persons approaching in the contrary direction; and not wishing to meet any one whose questions he might find it difficult to answer, he stepped into a shed which served as a sort of boat house, but was then filled with orange trees in their large tubs, which had been removed there on the approach of winter. Presently he heard the sound of voices close by, and he had only time to ensconce himself behind the row of trees, when two persons entered the shed.

“Are you quite sure,” said one of them, “that you explained clearly the place of our meeting?”

“Quite sure,” replied the other. “We were walking here together, and agreed upon this place as the least liable to interruption; but it is hardly yet the hour, and he is not famous for being before the time.”

“Surely,” said the first speaker, “he will never venture to keep me waiting. I know he thinks himself a great man, but not quite enough for that, I hope.”

“Certainly not designedly,” replied his companion; “but the weather is so bad, or he may have had people with him whom he could not get rid of: there are a thousand reasons which may excuse this delay.”

The other made no answer, but began walking to and fro, as fast as the uncertain light of the moon, which was endeavouring to break through the clouds, allowed him to do, amongst the various obstacles with which the floor was crowded. In the mean time, Arundel felt anything but comfortable at the idea that he was about to be the involuntary witness of a scene, which all he had hitherto heard convinced him would make him acquainted with some dangerous secrets. He did not choose to expose himself, unarmed as he was, to the risk of announcing his presence to two men who were totally unknown to him; and certain that such a time and place would not have been selected for a conference having any praiseworthy object in view, he reconciled himself to the idea of playing the eaves-dropper, in the hope that he might learn

something of consequence to the safety of the inmates of the palace. He had contrived to crawl under some matting which lay against the wall, and was trying to make himself as comfortable in his hiding-place as possible, when his attention was arrested by an incident which seemed to concern him more particularly.

“A propos,” said the taller and larger man of the two, and who had already spoken so as to show himself to be the superior, “have you yet been able to find out anything about this Arundel?”

“Only so far as this,” replied his companion : “he met the Queen in the Little Trianon to-day, probably by appointment, and has been at the palace the whole day since, except for about two hours, during which he went upon some mission to Lafayette, whom he saw, and then returned immediately to Versailles.”

“And do you call that nothing?” cried the other. “Does it not prove that he is devoted to the court, and consequently my enemy?—and this too, the very man whom the English deputies assured us we might thoroughly depend upon! However, it is fortunate that we have detected him in time; he had better mind what he is about, for if he attempts to play the spy, and to

obtain access to the Palais Royal through his letter of introduction to Mme. de Genlis, he may depend upon it that he shall never return to England to boast of his treachery. I will send some of my friends to talk to him, eh?" and he gave a sort of chuckle, as if he had hit upon some droll idea, but which failed to excite a corresponding feeling in Arundel, who felt not a little anxious to know who it was that seemed to be so much interested about him. This, however, was a problem not so easily solved; and while he was passing over in his mind every person with whom he was acquainted even by name, a third person entered, whose voice he instantly recognized.

"You have kept us waiting," was the salutation with which he was greeted.

"It could not be helped," was the only explanation vouchsafed. "Indeed, I hardly know why I come at all, when I find all my advice disregarded, and all my plans set on one side."

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said the tall man, haughtily; "I am not used to this tone, nor will I suffer it."

"Excuse me, sir," said the new comer; "I had no intention of offending you; but what I want to hear explained, is the reason for this

invasion of Versailles, when I warned you we should not be ready for such a step for the next two weeks. I tell you fairly, it has done your cause a damage which it will be difficult to repair."

"Entirely accidental, I swear to you ; the insurrection of the market-women was purely their own impulse. When I saw they were fairly off, I confess I thought it would be as well to support them with our pikemen. I did not reckon, certainly, on their being followed by the National Guard, still less on the resolution of Lafayette to put himself at their head. Had I known this in time, I think I should have revoked the orders I had given to prevent the royal family from making their escape."

"What !" cried the other ; "was that your doing ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And do you not see, that by so doing you have destroyed your best hopes, and actually put away from you the crown, which its present possessor, by his flight, in a manner forced upon you ? If the king had fled from Versailles but two leagues, I would have staked my head that you should have been declared Lieut.-General of the kingdom-before sun-rise, and from that to

the throne is an easy step. But I know, as well as you do, what made you act thus ; you were afraid your revenge would have remained ungratified. Now mark my words. Not a hair shall fall from the head of any one of the royal family. Too much blood has been spilt already ; though I trust that the disgraceful scenes which are perhaps inseparable from the first outbreak of a great popular revolution, will not be repeated ; at least as far as my power and influence extend, they shall be repressed with all the vigour of the law ; and I will separate myself without a moment's hesitation from those who plan and encourage them. But enough of this ; you know I am a man to keep my word for good and for evil. We must now consider what is best to be done at the present moment. This premature attempt has done you, as I before said, no good ; but if followed up boldly and without loss of time, the mischief is not irreparable ; if neglected, to-morrow it will be too late. You must show yourself at once to the people, and excite them to march on the palace. In the meantime I will take care to warn the royal family of the danger, through an unsuspected agent, and tell them that their friends, though unable to stop the movement, have yet contrived to keep the coast

clear, if they will seek safety in instant flight. If we once succeed in getting them out of Versailles, the day is our own."

The person addressed preserved a moody silence. "Come, sir," said he who had just spoken, "this is the moment for courage and decision; you must show yourself at once to your friends on the Place d'Armes."

"What! with Lafayette and his army within half an hour's march of Versailles? No, thank you. *Pas si bête, mon ami.*"

"I will undertake to get hold of Lafayette, and keep him out of harm's way till all is over; and without him, his army is more likely to assist than to oppose us."

"No, no, we must put it off; the opportunity is lost this time; we must wait till it offers itself again."

"Sir, I repeat to you, the opportunity never will offer itself again. You are to-night popular and beloved—the chief of a powerful party—looked up to as one of the principal bulwarks of the revolution; to-morrow's sun will see you either the Lieut.-General and Regent of the kingdom, or an insignificant individual, despised alike by friends and foes."

"You forget yourself, sir," angrily replied

he to whom this sharp remonstrance was addressed; "when I admitted the Comte de Mirabeau to my counsels, it was with a view to profit by his advice, if I approved of it, not to submit to his dictation. My mind is made up. I will attempt nothing more here to-night, and in half an hour I shall be on my road to Paris."

"Is that your positive determination, sir?—your last word?" said Mirabeau.

"It is."

"Then hear mine. You are no doubt rich and powerful enough to be satisfied with your present station; perhaps you despise the pomps and vanities of the world enough to reject a crown within your grasp; but I am neither rich nor powerful enough to attach myself to the fortunes of so philosophical a prince; let it be clearly understood, therefore, that from this moment, I have nothing more to do with the councils of your Royal Highness, and that all bonds of alliance between us are severed for ever;" and with these words he turned upon his heel, and left the spot without further remark.

A dead silence ensued for some time, when at length the shorter of the two said to his companion, "For God's sake, sir, allow me to run after him, and endeavour to make him hear reason."

“No,” replied the other, “let him go; we can do very well without him; and to tell you the truth, I am not sorry to get rid of him. I am sick of his insolent domineering spirit. He seems to forget that I am born to command and he to obey; and then the madness of his advice, to wish me to put myself at the head of a revolt, with an army at hand to crush it! No, indeed, I am not yet weary of wearing my head on my shoulders. But let him beware of betraying me; he will be one more to recommend to the attentions of my friend Jourdan; and now let us get out of this cursed place as fast as we can. I am in haste to reach Paris, and get out of the way in case any disturbance takes place. They would be sure to accuse me of being the instigator of it.”

It was not till the sound of their footsteps was lost in the distance, that Arundel ventured forth from his concealment; his mind overwhelmed by the importance of the disclosures which he had heard. He had immediately recognized the Comte de Mirabeau in the last comer; nor was it difficult for him to guess the other, whom he had heard more than once addressed as Prince and Royal Highness. One only of the royal family would have been capable of entering into

a conspiracy of such a nature. The threats that had been uttered against himself he treated with indifference, now that he knew from whom they proceeded. "Forewarned, forearmed," thought he to himself; "at all events I will take good care not to put myself unnecessarily in the way of seeing them realized." He also congratulated himself not a little on his having been prevented, by fortuitous circumstances, from presenting his letter of introduction to Mme. de Genlis, and promised himself to consign it to the flames as soon as he returned home. One satisfaction, however, he had derived from the result of the conversation he had just heard, and that was the great improbability of any attempt at disturbance being made that night. The person principally concerned had positively declined giving his co-operation, and it was very unlikely that any fresh plan could be concerted and carried into execution at so short a notice. With his mind much relieved by this conviction, he took his way back to Versailles, which he found in the greatest confusion.

It was then about twelve o'clock at night; and a mob of pikemen, who preceded the Parisian army, had just entered and dispersed themselves over the town, in search of provisions and wine.

In a few minutes, Lafayette himself appeared, surrounded by his staff; and after giving the necessary directions for the troops who followed him, he took his way to the National Assembly, which was still sitting. Arundel stepped up to him, and asked him if he had any message to send to the palace.

“Tell them,” said the Marquis, “that as soon as I have reported my arrival to the Assembly, I will come there myself; but I must first see that proper measures are taken for quartering and feeding the troops, who are wet and tired.”

With this message Arundel proceeded, as fast as he could, to the royal apartments; but he found that the news of Lafayette’s arrival had preceded him. The council was assembled, and deliberating upon the best steps to be taken. As is not unusual in such cases, a variety of different opinions were started and discussed, and none adopted. Some were for arresting Lafayette as soon as he made his appearance, and keeping him as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his army and the populace. Others again were for giving up to him the command of all the troops at Versailles, and trusting implicitly to his loyalty and honour.

In the midst of these conflicting opinions,

which were debated with the noise and confusion so natural to men of every class when in a state of fear and excitement, and which even the presence of royalty could not restrain, the Queen beckoned to Arundel to come to her.

“Really,” said she, “if our situation were such as to allow of mirth, one could not but be amused at this discussion, as if they were not aware that it is too late to take any decided step. It puts me in mind of the council held by the Elector of Saxony, the day after Charles XII. paid him a visit at Dresden, to consider whether they ought not to have detained him when he was in their power. You have shown that you possess a cool head, and what is most wanted here, decision : what is your opinion?”

“To detain Lafayette, Madam,” replied Arundel, “besides the indelible stain it would cast upon the honour of the King, would not only be useless, but mischievous. I have good reason to believe that there are some who flatter themselves, that if he was out of the way they could make use of the National Guard for their own purposes ; and I need not tell your Majesty, that those purposes are anything but friendly to the King or the royal family. The small number of troops on whom you can depend, would not resist for ten minutes the multitudes who would

attack the palace, accompanied, as they are, by a formidable train of artillery. If this movement has been combined, and is the result of a conspiracy, I am convinced not only that the march of the National Guard formed no part of it, but that their presence must have disconcerted the plans of its authors. I think, therefore, that your safety depends entirely upon Lafayette; and I need not add, how desirable it is that he should be honourably received, and treated with perfect confidence."

The Queen had no time to reply; for at this moment the doors were thrown open, and the person who had been the subject of this discussion entered, accompanied by his officers and a few deputies. As he approached the Monarch, he said, "Sire, I am come to bring my head to save that of your Majesty. If my blood must flow, let it be rather in the service of my King, than by the ignoble and uncertain light of lamps on the Place de Grève."

To this speech the King made a most gracious reply; but some of those by whom he was surrounded could not refrain from insulting and injurious comments on the Marquis's conduct, which, though made in an affectedly low tone of voice, were yet sufficiently loud to reach the ears

of him they related to. He did not condescend, however, to take any further notice of them than to say, "If your Majesty will deign to give me an audience in presence of the Queen and your ministers, I should like to explain the conduct I have held on this occasion; and submit to your approbation the further measures which I think it necessary to adopt." To this request the king acceded, and accompanied by those who had been named, retired to an inner apartment.

Arundel remained amongst the other courtiers, who were excluded from this secret conference, and found himself surrounded by a number of persons who were utterly unknown to him, and seemed to eye him with no very friendly looks. At length he was accosted by the Comte de Fersen, with these words: "Allow me to ask, sir, what was the meaning of the words you addressed to the Queen, but which were evidently intended for me, this afternoon, in the gardens of the Trianon? I presume you have not forgotten them."

"So far from it," said Arundel, "that I shall be happy to repeat them. I said then, what I say now, that the explanation I made to the Queen would not have been made to any other living soul; and if it will give you any particular

satisfaction, I will add, least of all to the Comte de Fersen."

"That is enough," cried the other; "you are a gentleman, and of course you must be aware there is but one way of atoning for such language; will you favour me with your address?"

Arundel gave it him, saying, "If you think you have any cause of quarrel against me, be assured I will not balk your inclination. At the present moment, sir, I suppose you are as anxious as I am to devote yourself to the service of her Majesty, and therefore I will propose to you, to let our animosity sleep, at all events, till this danger is past."

"You say right," replied the Count; "we must now think of nothing but how best to serve those who have so much need of our assistance. For the present, therefore, let our quarrel rest."

A page here entered the room, with the information that the council was over, and that their Majesties had retired for the night. This was soon after confirmed by Lafayette, who added, that the King had desired him to occupy, with the Parisian Guard, the posts formerly held by the Gardes du Corps; and that in consequence he was invested with the military command of the palace; "And now, gentlemen," said he, "I

advise you to retire ; everything is tranquil, and I am alone responsible for the safety of the royal family ; you may, therefore, go to your beds in perfect security."

"Not the very best guarantee," whispered de Fersen to the Duc de Fronsac ; "but I suppose we cannot do better than take his advice ;" and so saying he quitted the room, and soon after the palace was deserted by all who had not apartments in it.

"If you have not a lodging at Versailles, Mr. Arundel," said Lafayette, as they went down stairs together, "I shall be very happy to give you a bed at my brother-in-law's, the Prince de Poix, where I have taken up my quarters." Arundel thanked him ; but said, he had an apartment of his own.

"In that case, good night ; to-morrow I shall march back to Paris, as soon as I have seen all this mob out of Versailles ; and I shall be very happy to see you at my hôtel whenever you feel disposed to honour me so far."

Arundel reached his house completely worn out with the various events of the day, and the emotions they had given rise to. But weary as he was, he could not sleep ; he paced up and down his room for some time, in a state of tu-

multuous agitation, endeavouring in vain to retrace the history of that eventful day as it had occurred; at length, quite exhausted, he sank down upon his sofa, and fell into a restless slumber, which fatigued more than it refreshed him. Again he saw in his dreams those enchanting features which had so captivated his imagination; again he received from her hands the ring—the reward of truth and honour. Then again his dream took another shape. He and Gertrude were kneeling before the Queen, who was in the act of joining their hands, when an old man stepping in between them, tore them asunder, and fired a pistol at Arundel's head; a fearful scream was heard, and he felt himself sinking into some vast abyss with fearful rapidity. That scream was still ringing in his ears when he awoke. The day was beginning to break. He rose and walked to the window, which he threw open to cool the feverish agitation of his spirits.

“Thank God,” said he to himself, “it was but a dream;—but how like some frightful reality! I could have sworn that pistol was fired close to my head.” At that instant he heard two or three shots in the direction of the palace. The stillness of the night made them seem much nearer than they really were.

Arundel listened for a moment, when a low moaning sound came booming through the heavy morning air, similar to the sullen roar of the waters at the approach of a gale of wind. There was no mistaking it;—it was the noise of a multitude in motion. Hastily he threw himself out of the window, which was on the ground floor, and flew rather than ran towards the palace. As he got nearer, the scene of confusion and horror was enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The vast Place d'Armes and the courts of the palace were filled with crowds of men and women, resembling cannibals rather than civilized beings, brandishing pikes, sabres, scythes, and, in short, any weapon they had been able to lay their hands on, inflamed by drink, and avowing a thirst for blood which nothing could allay. Far in advance, and close to the palace, Arundel saw something raised on high, which at first he could not distinguish; but as he approached, he turned away his eyes with disgust at perceiving it to be a human head still dripping with gore, stuck on a pike, and apparently serving as a banner and rallying point for the insurgents. At this moment the drums of the Parisian army beat to arms, the tocsin sounded, and Lafayette

rode furiously into the midst of the assailants. Arundel was too far off to hear what passed; but he plainly saw Lafayette's horse turned round by some men and led out of the crowd, notwithstanding the resistance of his rider, to whom no personal violence was offered. At this juncture a few of his troops came up, and disengaged their General. Arundel, who had been in vain endeavouring to force his way through the mob, now hastened up to Lafayette, in the hopes of obtaining some explanation. As soon as the Marquis saw him, he rode up to him. "There is no time to lose in conversation," cried he; "endeavour to get into the palace; try the garden side—any side—only for God's sake get in; tell them to hold out only ten minutes, and I shall have got together men enough to clear the palace of these assassins. Fly—the safety of the royal family and my honour are equally at stake."

Arundel did not stop to answer, but ran round to the entrance near the chapel; this was closed, but he was fortunate enough to find a window, through which he gained admittance by breaking the glass; but even when within, he was quite as much at a loss how to guide his steps through that vast building, so as to arrive at

those whom it was so important he should see. Taking chance as his guide, he ascended a small turning staircase, and as soon as he had come to the first landing-place, at the end of a long corridor, he heard the tumultuous roar of the mob at no great distance from him, and occasionally a musket-shot was heard in the interior of the palace. It was evident the assailants had succeeded in forcing an entrance, and were in possession of part of the building. What would become of its inmates?—what might be the fate of Gertrude? Maddened with the thought, that perhaps at that moment she was exposed to death in one of its most dreadful shapes, he tried several doors, but they were all fastened, and resisted his most strenuous efforts to open them. As he rushed down the corridor, he perceived the last door open, and the room filled with the lowest rabble: he pressed forward, and was soon in the midst of them. Their progress seemed to be arrested by some obstacle which the crowd prevented his discerning. A low convulsive scream, hardly audible through the tumult, struck upon his ear. With frantic violence he dashed the crowd on one side, and reached the end of the room. What a sight of horror struck his eyes!—the door communicating

with the next room was open; in the door-way lay the body of a Garde du Corps, but so mutilated, so defaced by the innumerable wounds he had received, that nothing but the torn remnants of his uniform indicated that the body was that of a human being. On the other side the door were four or five Gardes du Corps, all of them streaming with blood, but still presenting, with unshaken courage and devotion, the impenetrable barrier of their bayonets to their infuriated assailants.

All this Arundel's eye took in at a glance; but the object that arrested his attention, and for an instant froze the blood in his heart, was the spectacle of a female, with nothing on but her night-dress, struggling in the hands of two ruthless assassins, one of whom had his left hand twisted in her black hair, whilst with the other he was endeavouring to draw a large butcher's knife from his girdle, which operation was rendered somewhat difficult by the pressure of those around him. She had obviously endeavoured to escape through the door; but those who guarded it on the other side knew that to have attempted her rescue, or for a moment to have withdrawn their bayonets so as to have allowed her a passage, would have been to open it to the populace, and given up the last

remaining barrier between them and the royal family. Stern and inexorable duty condemned them to see the victim slaughtered at their feet, without daring to make an effort in her defence. Arundel stood motionless but for a second. In another, he had dashed to the ground the ruffian who held her; the rest gave back a few steps, more from astonishment than from any other motive. The opportunity was gained, the bayonets were raised for a second, and Arundel almost threw her he had saved through the door; but his own life must pay the penalty of his daring. The exertion he had made prevented his taking advantage of the same opportunity of escape, and the Gardes du Corps, faithful to their trust, had seized the moment to close the door. Arundel saw that he was lost—that nothing short of a miracle could save him; but in that moment of despair—and where is the man who would not shudder at the thought of such a death as now awaited him?—one thought alone was fixed in his mind. He had had but one glance at her features, but that told him his prayer had been heard. Gertrude was saved; she owed her life to him; and his name, which she had breathed out as he cast her from him into safety, proved to him that he had been

recognized. He had not, however, much time for these reflections. "Kill the traitor! Death to the aristocrat!" resounded on all sides. In an instant he was overpowered by numbers, and his arm pinned to the wall by a pike. The man whom he had felled to the ground, came slowly forward, apparently much hurt by his fall, and claimed as a reward the pleasure of putting the aristocrat to death.

This just demand was admitted by acclamation, and the ruffian had already bared the bosom of his victim for the fatal stroke, when a voice was heard in the crowd, exclaiming, that the knife was too easy a death for the traitor; "There is a lamp in the corridor—we will hang him there as an example to the Austrian of what her favourites have to expect at the hands of the nation!" This proposal met with unanimous applause; the fatal cry, *à la lanterne*, resounded on every side. A rope was speedily procured, and being placed around Arundel's neck, they began dragging him along. The excruciating pain of his wound, rendered still more dreadful by the violence with which the pike had been wrenched out of it, almost mastered his resolution; still he uttered not a word—not a groan; the tightening of the cord round his neck, by which he

was drawn forward, almost produced strangulation, and the death-drops already stood on his brow; when suddenly the rope was relaxed, the triumphant shouts of the murderers were changed into cries of terror and imprecations—and in a moment the Count de Beauvoisin, clearing the room at the head of a detachment of grenadiers, rushed up to Arundel, and received him fainting in his arms.

The pain he was in, however, did not long permit him to remain in a state of insensibility. When he came to himself, he found himself lying on a bed, with a surgeon binding up his arm, and an elderly woman supporting his head. In answer to his enquiries, he found that he was in a room in the palace, the surgeon being one attached to the service of the royal family, and his female attendant one of the servants belonging to the Queen's household. In a few minutes de Beauvoisin returned; and the surgeon having completed his investigation, hastened to say, that the wound presented no dangerous symptoms; but that probably it would be some time before the use of the arm was completely restored, owing to the laceration of the muscles; in the meantime, he had bled his patient, who must be kept perfectly quiet, and not think of leaving his bed for some time.

“Well, I think you will allow, according to your English proverb,” said de Beauvoisin, who had approached the bed, and taken one of Arundel’s helpless hands, “that a friend in need is a friend indeed. I was not much too soon.”

“My dear friend,” said Arundel, faintly, “for such indeed you have shown yourself—I am too nervous for even your jokes ; for God’s sake tell me, is every body safe ? What has happened ?”

“Every body is safe, except four or five of the unfortunate Gardes du Corps, and the insurgents are turned out of the palace,” replied the Count. “How it began, no one can tell ; and it will probably require a longer and calmer inquiry to ascertain the origin of the insurrection, than we are at this moment capable of instituting. As far as I can make out, the first shot was fired by a Garde du Corps, irritated at some abusive language which the mob addressed to him. If that is so, poor fellow, he has paid dearly for his imprudence, for he fell the first victim. Now, however, all is quiet, and I may say the people are quite contented and happy. As soon as we had cleared the palace, the King appeared upon the balcony, with the Queen and Dauphin, and attended by the Gardes du Corps, wearing enormous cockades of the national colours. He was

received with tremendous shouts of '*Vive le Roi!*' accompanied by repeated demands that he should go to Paris. Upon this, he said, in his usual debonnaire way, 'You wish for me at Paris; very well, I will go there with my wife and children.' Then, for the first time, we heard cries of '*Vive la reine!*' and my gallant commander, who had been doing the civil to the poor frightened Gardes du Corps, came forward, and, dropping upon one knee, kissed her hand."

"Indeed! and how did the Queen like that?"

"Why, you know that Kings and Queens are actors born and bred, and she received the homage paid her with a very good grace; though I suppose in her heart she liked it about as well as the devil likes holy water, to use rather a vulgar expression."

"You will oblige me much by not making use, in my presence, of any expressions disrespectful to the royal family," said Arundel, gravely.

"I assure you I meant no disrespect. You know I am not fond of them; but God forbid that I should say anything, in their present situation, that could sound like an inclination to insult them or triumph over them. They may rely upon my forbearance—but further than that I will not go. My dislike of the court and all

belonging to it is unabated. You are delighted with them, and that is very natural. Your acquaintance with them has begun at a moment when they feel the necessity of making friends, and are ready to dispense their smiles and favours on all whom they think it possible to cajole. But my knowledge of them dates from a more distant period, when the nation was ruled by a handful of insolent, upstart favourites, who dissipated the public treasure, and consigned those who ventured to expostulate to the Bastille or Vincennes. Yet, in spite of all these recollections, I am magnanimous enough to feel compassion for Marie Antoinette—not as a queen, but as a woman—and I will confess, her courage, her highmindedness, compel my admiration. Notwithstanding all the horrors of this night, her demeanour was as calm and dignified as if she had been all the morning preparing in tranquillity and happiness to play her part before the people; and yet not much more than an hour had elapsed, since she was obliged to quit her bed in the dress she then had on, and fly for protection to the king's apartments, after seeing a garde du corps killed at her door by the demons and furies who sought her life.”

“ Good heavens! what a scene !” exclaimed

Arundel ; “and for her, too, the daughter of an empress, the wife of a king ! But how did the ruffians get in ? There must have been the grossest negligence or treachery. Lafayette accepted a great responsibility, and how has he discharged it ?”

“Hush ! hush !—not a word against my chief : he had nothing to do with the interior of the palace ; there the Gardes du Corps kept their posts as usual, and either a window or a door must have been forgotten or left open. He did all he could, all that prudence suggested, and that, although he was so worn out with fatigue that he could hardly reach the Hotel de Noailles without falling asleep on his horse. But I am talking when I ought to be acting ; I was desired to see if you were well enough to receive a visit, and report accordingly. What do you say ?—do you feel equal to it ?”

“Who is it ?”

“Nay, that I am forbid to say. I believe, however, it will not be disagreeable to you ;” and a smile played upon his countenance. Arundel felt sick with emotion, as turning his head round so as to conceal his face, he faintly said ; “Yes ! I can see any one.”

“Come, my good fellow,” said the Count ;

“if the mere mention of a visit is to agitate you thus, I am sure you are not fit to bear the visit itself.”

“De Beauvoisin,” cried Arundel, half raising himself on the bed ; “I cannot bear this suspense, it is killing me. Is it—?” and he stopped.

“Yes ! it is Mlle. de Romainville,” said his friend ; “she is going to Paris with the royal family, and wishes to see you before she goes ; I think she may come now :” and without waiting for an answer, he left the room.

CHAPTER X.

THE Count had not been long absent when the door opened, and the Queen entered, followed by Mlle. de Romainville. "I bring you here," said the former, "a young lady who will not leave Versailles, without being assured, by ocular demonstration, that her preserver is still alive."

"Oh Madam!" exclaimed Arundel, "how can you have the courage to think of any one but yourself and your family at such a moment?" and he made an effort to rise from the bed as he spoke, but the pain of his wound made him fall back almost fainting on the pillow. In an instant both were at his bed side.

"Mr. Arundel," said the Queen, "if you

again attempt to move, we must both leave the room; as it is, your remark almost deserves that I should do so. Do you think me then so selfish, so ungrateful, as to have no feeling for the sufferings of others?—besides, I consider Gertrude as part of my family; do you not know that it was her anxiety for me that made her run back into a danger from which she had already escaped. Poor child! but for you she would have dearly paid for her affectionate devotion;” and she kissed the forehead of her protégé. “Will you not thank Mr. Arundel yourself, Gertrude, for the service he has conferred on us all?”

Gertrude made an attempt to speak—it was in vain—she burst into tears. Arundel endeavoured to take her hand, but his arm fell powerless on the bed.

“Give him your hand, my love,” said Marie Antoinette: and she put it into Arundel’s. “You must not think the worse of my Gertrude for being unable to express her thanks in words,—what she has gone through is too much for her feelings. When we see you at the Tuilleries, she will tell you it is rather the excess of gratitude, than the want of it, that closes her lips now—is it not so, my child?”

Gertrude did not attempt to speak an answer, but the eloquent expression of her eyes gave a fuller assent than words could have done, while a slight and perhaps involuntary pressure of the hand she held, shewed that her heart was no partner in the silence of her tongue. Arundel started as that soft touch thrilled through his veins, and felt that a thousand wounds would have been cheaply purchased at the price of such a rapturous feeling as then animated him. He ventured to return the pressure, and sighed out rather than spoke the name of Gertrude. Their eyes met—Gertrude had understood him—her small hand trembled in his—“My Gertrude!”—she did not withdraw it—“Mine for ever!” and this time, *for ever* was repeated in that soft low voice he so much loved to hear. Ah ! who can paint, what poet can truly sing the raptures of a first avowal? No one—it is a sensation of more than earthly bliss which is felt, but cannot be described—one of those fleeting emotions, by which poor human nature is raised for an instant above the level of its miserable condition, free from the vile passions and sordid cares which poison our existence, to a state of the purest, most hallowed beatitude. The noble, the heavenly part of our being, for a moment soars

triumphant. Ambition, avarice, all the low grovelling propensities inherent in the children of clay, sink before it and disappear. Love, that sublime and mystic bond, the connecting link which unites our mortal and immortal parts—love, so often profaned and desecrated; so much talked of, sometimes felt, but seldom understood; love, the purest portion of our essence, asserts his empire, penetrates our hearts, pervades our whole frame, absorbs all our intellectual faculties, and takes complete possession of our souls.

Such was the feeling that filled Arundel's soul. He loved, and was loved—his destiny was fixed; one object, and one alone, seemed to give value to his existence—to deserve her he loved, to win her, and to wear her; it was not at such a moment that the difficulties, the almost insuperable obstacles to such a consummation, presented themselves to his imagination. Years might elapse, the ocean might roll between them—but time and space were but as trifles in his estimation when compared with the prize for which he had to strive. Happy illusions!—happy the age at which we can form them! Some there are, who, born without passion and without feeling, hold on the even tenor of their way, and without a sigh see whole

generations pass away, as in their turn they drop into the grave unheeded and unwept : but such was not Arundel. His soul of fire required but a spark to raise into an all-devouring flame the passions which hitherto had remained dormant and unnoticed in his breast. The imperious and ardent longing for mutual affection was now gratified, and became instantly a principle of his existence, as deeply rooted as that of vitality itself. There are those, no doubt, to whom so sudden, so engrossing a passion, and for one so young, will appear the height of absurdity. The idea, the possibility, of love at first sight, is grown out of fashion ; but there are others who can understand it, who have felt it, and to them I speak. Love knows no laws, is bound by no regulations, and least of all, would submit to those attempted to be imposed upon it by the decision of a cold-hearted and calculating world.

In the meantime, the Queen had walked to the window, apparently buried in deep reflection, and seemed to take no notice of what was passing close to her. At length, breaking out of her reverie, she said : “ Gertrude, I must carry you away ; the carriages, no doubt, are ready to take us to Paris.”

“ And are you really going, Madam, to Paris ? ”

cried Arundel; "what escort have you—what measures have been taken for your security there, as well as on the journey?"

"We are indeed going," replied Marie Antoinette, with a sigh. "The King of France is forced to leave the palace of his ancestors at the dictation of a mob. We are going to grace the triumph of the Marquis de Lafayette. What measures he has taken for our protection I have not even asked. After last night, what confidence can we place in him? Still less can I guess what fate is reserved for us when there. The history of your country, Mr. Arundel, shews us what a monarch, prisoner to his subjects, has to expect. Oh! my husband!—my children!—would to God that the sacrifice of my life had been accomplished this morning, if it could have insured your happiness, and the tranquillity of the kingdom." And she sobbed hysterically, though no tears came to her relief. Arundel, too much alarmed now to remember his situation, sprang from the bed, and was at her feet in a moment, while Gertrude endeavoured to make her swallow some water.

"For heaven's sake, Madam," cried Arundel, "endeavour to compose yourself, or rather let

me run for assistance." She grasped him convulsively, to prevent his stirring; but presently the tears began to flow, and the fit seemed gradually to subside.

"Yes!" said she; "I see the scaffold before my eyes as plainly as if it was erected in this room. England will not alone have to boast the murder of a king."

"Oh Madam!" exclaimed Arundel "why indulge in such melancholy forebodings—so improbable, so impossible to occur? The people of Paris wish for the presence of their Sovereign and his family, because they consider it as a pledge of tranquillity and plenty. His promise to go there has made them happy and contented. Oh no!—these are not the times of Cromwell, and Louis the Sixteenth is not Charles the First."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Queen, "I sometimes wish he resembled him in some points; at all events, we should have been spared this degradation. The King, sir, possesses every virtue; he is a good husband, good father, brother and master—but he wants decision. He has a horror of the idea that he might be the cause of a drop of blood being shed, and you see the consequences. To spare the heads of a few traitors, we see our faithful servants butchered at our door ;

but hark !—there is the signal for our departure. A knock was heard at the door, and the Count de Beauvoisin appeared to announce that all was prepared for her Majesty's departure.

“As for you, Arundel,” continued he, “I have also made preparations for your removal, which I hope the Queen will approve. I have accepted M. de Mirabeau's offer to transport you to a room in his house.”

“I am much obliged to the Comte de Mirabeau,” said Arundel; “but I must beg to decline his offer. I have my own lodgings here, where I shall be perfectly well.”

“Nay, but hear my reason,” said de Beauvoisin; “depend upon it, it is very well known that you were the person who resisted the mob, and received that wound in consequence. It is said you wounded one man desperately; and it is not improbable that he or his friends will take some opportunity of avenging him. In short, you are not in safety in your own house; and Mirabeau's will not only be the best place of refuge for you now, but when it is known you are his inmate, it will be a very effectual protection hereafter.’

“Mons. de Beauvoisin is right,” said the Queen; “I beg you to accede to his proposal :”

and seeing Arundel look very undecided, she added ; “ and if necessary, I order you.”

“ Well then, that is settled,” said the Count ; “ I have a litter ready for you, and I will, with her Majesty’s permission, see you safe, and then return to my duties here.” The queen assented, and giving her hand to Arundel to kiss, said :

“ Adieu, Mr. Arundel ; I hope to see you at the Tuilleries as soon as your wound allows you to come there. Neither the king nor myself can ever forget your courage and devotion. Gertrude, take leave of Mr. Arundel, and follow me.” De Beauvoisin very discreetly turned away, and Arundel pressed one long burning kiss on the hand that was held out to him.

“ Adieu, Mademoiselle de Romainville,” said he ; “ I hope soon to be at Paris ; till that happy moment, think of me sometimes.”

She clasped his hand in both of hers, and whispered “ For ever !” and with her face covered with blushes, ran out of the room.

“ Well, now the adieus are over,” said the Count, “ I will call in my grenadiers with the litter. By-the-bye, I hope they were satisfactory ; the adieus I mean, not the grenadiers. She is a little angel, I allow—I wonder what

made her blush so, as she ran out of the room."

"Who are you speaking of?" said Arundel, angrily.

"Oh, nobody!" said de Beauvoisin, and he began singing—

*' Je n'ai pas le cœur de glace,
Et mon Lubin m'aimoit tant,
Monseigneur, en notre place,
Vous en auriez fait autant.' "*

These lines were uttered with so droll an expression of countenance, that Arundel, annoyed as he was, could not help laughing. "Come now, de Beauvoisin," said he; "you know I cannot be angry with a man who has saved my life, so be generous, and do not teaze me."

"Very well; but recollect, it is only a truce till you are well, unless you leave off your mysteries and secrets with me. Why, Lord! if I was in love with the Queen herself, I should not be happy till I had deposited my secret in the bosom of some faithful Pylades. I see no fun in a love that is to be hid from all the world; that would be too egoistical a passion for me. I like to make my friends happy with my happiness."

“Well, but as I happen to have no such secret—” began Arundel.

“Oh bah!” interrupted the other; “but come, here is the litter; so just get in and make yourself as comfortable as you can in it.”

“I feel quite well enough to walk; and if you will give me your arm, I had rather go on foot,” said his friend.

“Very likely, but you will do no such thing; just have the goodness to obey orders, and do as I tell you.”

Arundel resigned himself to his fate, and being safely housed, the men lifted him up on their shoulders, and accompanied by the Count, carried him to Mirabeau’s house. Mirabeau himself was out, but had left word to have everything prepared for Mr. Arundel’s reception; and in a few minutes he was installed in a cheerful, comfortable room, on a sofa, while a respectable-looking old servant arranged the pillows under his head.

“Monsieur le Comte,” he said, “regretted exceedingly that important public business prevented his being at home to receive Monsieur himself; but hoped to be back by dinner time. Was there anything Monsieur wished for?” This being answered in the negative, he left the room.

“I too must leave you,” said de Beauvoisin; “Lafayette cannot spare me, or I should have liked so much to have remained with you to-day.”

“Do tell me before you go, is there any danger to be apprehended for the royal family?—have all precautions been taken?”

“Make yourself quite easy; it will no doubt be a long and fatiguing day for them, for with this crowd accompanying them, they must go a foot’s pace; but we shall take care to surround the carriage with picked men whom we can rely upon. As for me, I mean not to quit the door of the carriage which contains a young lady I feel very much interested about—a Mademoiselle de Romainville—did you ever happen to see her?”

“My dear Count, you are very near being a very good fellow; but you will not be perfect till you leave off that detestable trick of quizzing.”

“Indeed! then I am afraid I shall never retain perfection long; *c’est plus fort que moi*; but I will be perfect for a minute, and set your heart at rest, by assuring you in solemn seriousness, that anybody I think you care about, shall be taken as much care of as if you were yourself

present. So good bye, my dear friend; and above all, take care of yourself, and remain quiet, or you will be confined to the house for some time to come—so saith the surgeon.”

“Thank you, thank you a thousand times for your kindness; shall I see you before I get to Paris?”

“Most undoubtedly, the first moment I can call my own; and at any rate you shall hear from me to-morrow. I am afraid it will be too late to-night;” and so saying, the two young men shook hands, and Arundel was left alone.

Calm reflection soon succeeded to excitement, and he had leisure to consider the difficulties he had prepared for himself. That they were great he was fully aware, but he did not despair of overcoming them—what lover does? Still he felt that he had been hurried into taking a step that no one could approve of. He had plighted his faith to a young girl, and had received hers in return, under circumstances which had prevented either of them from considering the importance and the consequences of such an engagement. But now that he was fully aware of the length of time that must necessarily elapse before his hopes were fulfilled, if indeed they ever could be, would he be justified in allowing

Mademoiselle de Romainville to remain under its influence? Honour told him he would not; and although in a moment of passion he had given way to his feelings, he determined, as soon as he could see her, to explain his situation, and release her from all claims she had given him over her. It was not without a violent struggle that he came to this resolution,—his short-lived passion had already taken deep root in his heart; still he resolved to free the object of it from every tie which might appear to bind their destinies to each other. He would tell her she was free as air, but he could not bring himself to say that he considered himself so too. No!—the nicest feeling of honour would not require that. He would still cherish his love, his hopeless love; he would never lose the remembrance of what already appeared to him but as a dream. It would be the pillar by day, the flame by night, to guide him on his way. Does it detract from his merit that a hope lingered in his heart that the sacrifice would not be accepted? If it does, it was so natural, so involuntarily, that it might well be pardoned him.

He did not feel more comfortable when he considered the relation in which he stood to the

court. The Queen would, doubtless, after what had occurred, consider him as bound to their cause, and this claim he was by no means prepared to admit. He admired her, he pitied her, and would have died to serve her personally; but the dislike he had always felt to her friends was rather increased than diminished by what he had lately seen of them. Those who were most bound to defend the crown were emigrating in vast numbers; some from the mere ignoble instinct which taught them to fly from the possibility of danger; others with the avowed intention of seeking from foreign powers the means of exciting a war against their native country, and endeavouring, by the assistance of a band of mercenaries, to restore the power and abuses of the ancien regime. Those who remained, entertained projects no less culpable, which, but for the unforeseen events of that and the preceding day, would probably have at once plunged the kingdom into the horrors of a civil war. Then again his mind would turn to the approaching interview with Mirabeau, determined, as he was, to come at once to an explanation with him, and to declare the impossibility of any connection existing between them. After the scene to which he had been witness the preceding

night, he could have nothing in common with a man capable of entertaining such projects, who evidently sought only his own aggrandizement, without reference to the interests of any one else.

Whilst he was busied with these thoughts, Mirabeau himself entered his room, and apologizing for his unavoidable absence, took such a warm interest in all that had occurred to him, that Arundel felt he could not use the severe tone of remonstrance on which he had previously determined.

“To-day, you know, was the day appointed for my explanations, and your decision,” said Mirabeau, as he sat down on the couch beside him; “but considering your situation, it will be better, perhaps, to defer them till you are more capable of listening to me.”

“On the contrary,” said his guest, “it will be a relief to my mind to have it over; more especially as I must decline receiving your confidence, having fully made up my mind not to accept your offers.”

“This is indeed an extraordinary resolution; and one, I confess, for which our last conversation did not prepare me,” said the Count. “Is it possible that twenty-four hours of the blandishments of a court, should have wrought so sudden a

change in your opinions and ideas? If so, I confess I shall feel but little regret for the loss of so versatile a collaborator."

"Not so, I assure you, Monsieur le Comte; my opinions are still the same, and it is because they are unchanged that I refuse the honour of your confidence."

"This requires some explanation, which I trust you will afford me, as it seems to imply that your objection is to me personally. I know I am no favourite at the palace, and no doubt you have heard many stories to my prejudice; but none, I am sure, which I cannot victoriously refute. In justice you cannot refuse to give me the opportunity."

"I give you my honour," said Arundel, "that nothing I have heard from any one about the court has in the least influenced my determination. I could have wished to be spared entering into an explanation, which it will be painful for me to make, and for you to hear; but I acknowledge your right to demand it, and if you insist, I am ready to give it."

"Have the goodness then to proceed, and never mind hurting my feelings—speak out what you think," said Mirabeau.

"In that case," said Arundel, "I will tell

you at once, and without circumlocution, that I have the positive knowledge that you *conspired*—I can use no other word—with the Duke of Orleans, to force the King from the throne, and to declare that prince Regent, under the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and that you had, in this act of rebellion, rather a view to your own particular interests, than the good of your country. That is my reason for declining all association with you. I am sorry to have been compelled to speak in such plain language, but I know no other.”

“You are mistaken, Mr. Arundel; you have been imposed upon by some meddling, officious fool,” replied Mirabeau, warmly.

“I have already said that I *know* what I have advanced to be true; if you were to confirm it with your own lips, it could add nothing to my conviction.”

Mirabeau started up, and walked about the room for some minutes in great agitation. “But if I assure you, upon my sacred word of honour, that at this very moment the Duke of Orleans and myself are enemies, and I should, in all probability, have the gates of the Palais Royal closed in my face, were I to present myself there?”

“I am quite aware of that; but that is only since last night.”

“What!—do you know that?” cried Mira-beau, surprised beyond all idea of caution or prudence. “Oh! I see it all; I am betrayed. The duke has sacrificed me to make his peace with the King—say, is it not so?”

“It is not. I believe no one besides myself and the parties implicated are acquainted with the intrigue.”

“You had it, then, from Madame de Genlis, or her husband?”

“To save you the trouble of further questions as to the source of my information,” said Arundel, “I will tell you at once, that I will not give it up, and will neither deny nor confirm your conjectures: it is sufficient for me to know that it is correct.”

“You need say no more. I am satisfied. Excuse me for one minute; we will resume this conversation.”

He left the room, but returned soon afterwards with as smooth a countenance as if nothing had occurred to disturb him. “Mr. Arundel,” said he, “I will open my heart to you. You know so much already, that in justice to myself I must tell you all that has passed on this fearful subject. I ask for no promise of secrecy. As I said before, with a man of honour I am safe. I will, then, confess that I did con-

spire, to use your word, with the Duke of Orleans, for the purpose you mentioned; and in so doing, although I certainly had stipulated for myself—I was to have been President of the Council—I thought that I was acting for the good of my country. France requires regeneration. The administration of the government is corrupt from first to last. The King means well, but has no power; he is a mere puppet, the strings of which are pulled by those about him, and these are the most deadly enemies the revolution has to contend with. My intentions were to have replaced him by the first prince of the blood, till our constitution was irrevocably fixed beyond the power of a faction to endanger it. But I declare, most solemnly, that the royal family would have been so treated as to have reconciled them to their temporary abdication—for it would have been but temporary. The head of the monarchy must place himself at the head of the revolution, to ensure its complete and bloodless success. I chose the Duke of Orleans, believing him to be a sincere friend to constitutional principles of government, and knowing that he had given such pledges to the revolution, that he cannot turn his back on it. This idea I adopted some weeks ago, but since

that time I have seen good reason to doubt whether we should have gained by the change, and last night I came to an open rupture with him ; and you may believe me, when I assure you that I have totally abandoned my project." He paused, and seemed to expect an answer.

Arundel saw plainly enough that what he said did not tally exactly with all he had heard the night before ; but not wishing to engage in a useless discussion, he merely observed, " I will not enter into an argument upon a plan which you say is abandoned. In my opinion, you would not have found the Duke of Orleans as ready to relinquish a throne as to mount it : be that as it may, you will yourself allow that you have said quite enough to justify me in my resolution. I tell you fairly you are too dangerous a man for me to connect myself with ; and leaving the feasibility of your plans out of the question, I must at once declare—what I have said, I believe, once before—that so far from aiding any plans to dethrone the king, I would oppose them to the utmost of my power, and I have no wish to be made a tool for your ambitious projects."

" Certainly you are gratifying my wish to hear you speak plainly," replied the Count ; " but I thank you for it—we shall understand each

other the better; and now listen to me calmly, and reflect on what I am about to say. I am not a man to abandon my purposes, because one plan fails. The success of the revolution is my first object—the wish nearest my heart; the next is the care of my own fortune. I have, as you may naturally suppose, reflected deeply upon our position; and I have determined to offer my services to the King, provided always that he will sincerely support the principles of the revolution. That, of course, is a *sine quâ non*; and I think, under existing circumstances, it will not be so difficult to obtain from him and the Queen a positive guarantee to that effect. The events of these two last days must have convinced them that they have no power to resist the will of the nation. The crown must appear in their eyes, as it does in those of every one else, entirely valueless, unless possessing the affections and support of the people. If they could not defend themselves at Versailles with a body of troops devoted to them, they must be aware that at Paris, any attempt at violence would be still more hopeless, surrounded as they are by an immense population, who have embraced the doctrines of liberty with all the ardour of proselytes. At the Tuilleries, too, they will be more

in public, and consequently less exposed to the perverse insinuations of the enemies of the people. I have hopes, therefore, that the King may be brought freely to consent to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. If he does so, I will ensure his being the most powerful monarch in Europe—feared and respected by his neighbours, and loved by his subjects. But without my cöoperation he can do nothing; there is a republican party in France, small, it is true, at present, but every day increasing in numbers, and counting among its chiefs men of talent and audacity, combined with an inflexible firmness of purpose. These aim at nothing less than the destruction of the monarchy, and the erection of the republic. Then, again, there is a very strong party, of which the Duke of Orleans is the head; and their object is to transfer the crown from the elder to the younger branch. Now, it is not vanity in me to say, that I alone am capable of counteracting and defeating their intrigues. I know all the difficulties that lie in my way; but as I think they are almost all of a personal nature, they may be overcome. The Court, the Queen in particular, hold me in detestation; but if it can be shown them that their safety depends on me—in short, that their

cause is mine—we should soon be as warm friends as we have hitherto been bitter enemies; and after all, I have as much to forgive as they have. If I sought to limit the royal prerogative within constitutional bounds, they have retaliated by placing my name at the head of the list of those to be got rid of, if ever the good old times should return. But to negotiate all this, we must employ a man enjoying the confidence of both parties; and, moreover, in such a position as to excite no suspicions; for I need not tell you the whole plan would fail, were it once publicly known that I was in negotiation with the Court, as it would destroy my popularity and influence. I have looked for such a man amongst all my acquaintance, and I see no one so proper for it as yourself. Nay, do not start—consider the subject calmly; if I may judge by your professions, you are equally opposed to a republic as to a despotism. You may have the glory of saving France from both; or, at all events, from many years of civil war and bloodshed. Does not such a mission tempt you?”

“Granting that it did,” replied Arundel, “still I must have some guarantee that you are in earnest, and will not fly from the engagements you may contract; and I do not exactly see how that can be done.”

“ Easily enough ; as I have before said, I have my fortune to establish, and I shall exact such terms for my assistance as, if granted, will be a sufficient pledge that I will not break the contract, as I could not hope to make so good a one elsewhere. I see you feel something like contempt for what, no doubt, you consider my mercenary disposition ; if so, you are wrong. With my talents I am sure of succeeding in any career I adopt. I have chosen the political one, and I see no one so capable as myself of directing the government of a great nation. If I am deceived in so thinking, all France is deceived likewise. No, no !—the labourer is worthy of his hire : and those for whom I labour must pay me my hire. Perhaps when I was at your age, I had the high and chivalrous wish to serve my country without fee or reward. But I have lived long enough to know that gratitude is a virtue seldom found in individuals, still more seldom in nations. I am without resources of my own ; I must live by my talents, and expect to be paid according to their worth.”

Arundel felt as much disgusted with his principles, as with the sophistry he employed to defend them ; but yet he felt inclined to accept the part proposed to him, with the hope of being

instrumental in removing the barrier which so unfortunately existed between the King and his subjects. He was anxious, however, before he pledged himself positively, to get as much light as he could on the subject; and with this view he observed, "Well, I grant that what you have said, certainly does away with all suspicion as far as the King is concerned; but what guarantee have the friends of the revolution that you will not desert them? You, who are so well read in English History, no doubt remember that Strafford, the most willing instrument of an arbitrary monarch, began his career as an ardent patriot."

"That is a question still more easily answered than your last. A constitution is necessary to my own safety. The Court, perhaps, will look up to me as their saviour for a time; but were there no national representation, I do not think this head of mine would remain very long on my shoulders; at all events, I know them too well to trust them."

"Well," said Arundel, "I will undertake this task; but I give you fair notice, that I give it up at the very first symptom I see, of your leaving the path you have now traced out."

"Mr. Arundel, I assure you you do me great injustice," replied Mirabeau, "if you suppose

me capable of it. I have often, it is true, employed men as my tools, without thinking it necessary to put them into my confidence, or even to make a show of it; but when once I do give it—when I speak to any one as I have done to you, depend upon it I never seek to deceive; and now that it is agreed that you will assist me, let us dine, which is by no means so unimportant a matter as some men are pleased to consider it. If you will allow me, I will order dinner up into your room; but first of all, although you have said nothing on the subject, accept my promise that I will take care, should we succeed, to place you in such a position as to secure your future fortunes.”

“On that head, Monsieur le Comte, I must beg you will say nothing; the sole object I have in view in acceding to your wishes is to assist, as far as I am able, in healing the fatal divisions with which this magnificent country is threatened. I neither expect nor wish for any personal advantage.”

“Well, well, we will talk about this hereafter; but in the meantime I think it will be of great advantage to you to be naturalized as a Frenchman; it will at all events prevent that odium attaching to you, which is so apt to fall

upon foreigners who interfere with the public affairs of other nations; and in no country is this feeling carried to a greater extent than in France. With your permission, therefore, I will to-morrow propose a decree for your naturalization as a French citizen; there is no difficulty attending it—it has already been done in several instances, and will be adopted as a matter of course.”

Arundel intimated his acquiescence, and dinner being brought in put an end to all further political discussion. Mirabeau was shrewd enough to perceive that he had lost considerably in his guest's good opinion; determined, if possible, to retrieve the lost ground, he exerted himself to the utmost, and when he wished to please and captivate, it was next to impossible to resist the charm of his conversation. Every branch of literature, from the most abstruse metaphysical disquisitions of the German school to the newest novel—the respective merits of Fox, Pitt, and Burke, and the graces of the popular dancers at the opera—were all discussed by him with the same elegance and felicity of touch; never dwelling on the same subject, when it ceased to interest or to afford him an opportunity of placing some of those brilliant *bon mots*

for which no man in France was more celebrated. Nor did he fail to perceive that Arundel was fully capable of appreciating and enjoying the display of varied lore and intellectual power that was thus laid open to him. Although quite unable to compete with Mirabeau in a contest of this nature, what he did say was happily chosen and to the purpose; while on those topics with which he was acquainted, he showed a soundness of judgment and a thorough knowledge of his subject, that more than once baffled the brilliant but rather superficial comments of his companion. Mirabeau's sagacity enabled him to see at once that he had no fool to deal with; and consequently, the respect which the most profligate and unprincipled intriguer invariably feels for the really honest man who has courage enough to resist his seductions, was still farther increased. Thus animated, he even excelled himself, and they retired to rest mutually pleased with each other. Arundel had never passed a more agreeable evening, and no longer wondered at the influence which the Count was said to exercise over all who approached him. He felt the charm himself, but could not help feeling thankful that his host had himself furnished him with an antidote, by the display he had pre-

viously made of his conduct, and the principles which guided it.

Much refreshed by a good night's rest, Arundel rose the next morning after the surgeon had visited him and dressed his arm, which was doing as well as possible, and gave him comparatively very little pain. Youth and a good constitution promised to effect a speedy cure. While he was yet at breakfast, he received a letter from de Beauvoisin; hastily tearing it open, he read as follows:—

“In the first place, my dear Arundel, let me tell you, we arrived without the slightest accident; and I put this first, because the details of the journey are too painful for you to read calmly without this assurance. We did not reach the Hotel de Ville till nine o'clock last night, —consequently were eight hours on the road. I grieve to say that the journey was one continued outrage on the royal family; to be sure the mob were drunk, if that is any excuse. The ears of the Queen were incessantly polluted by the most horrible execrations or the most obscene jokes; while two ruffians carried before her carriage the heads of the two Gardes du Corps who were killed in the morning. At Sevres they had actu-

ally the incredible barbarity to force a barber to powder and dress them afresh. It must have been one long scene of suffering to the principal actors in it—but they did not shew it. The King looked as unconcerned, and, between ourselves, as stupid as usual. The Queen, though dreadfully pale, looked as if she was too superior a being for such insults to reach. Upon my honour, I could easily have fallen in love with her, if it were only for her courage and magnanimity.

“Well, when we got to the Hotel de Ville, the King made the little speech *obligé* in answer to the Mayor’s address; which poor dear blundering Bailli undertook to repeat to the people, but forgetting part of it, he only said ‘The King will always find himself with pleasure in the midst of the inhabitants of his good city of Paris;’ but the Queen took him up directly; ‘Add *with confidence*, sir; the King said *with pleasure and confidence*.’ It is lucky for some of us, perhaps, that she and her husband cannot change places. After this they all retired to the Tuilleries, where no preparations had been made for them, and many old dowagers who have had apartments there from time immemorial, were obliged to turn out at a moment’s notice. So much

for public news. As for myself I took up my position at the door of the carriage in which Mademoiselle de Romainville was, with three others whose names I do not know. She recognized me of course directly, and to spare her the trouble of asking the question, which she was dying to do, poor little thing, only did not know how, I told her that I had just left you comfortably settled on a good sofa, and much easier. A long silence followed this information. At length a louder burst of savage triumph from the brutes who surrounded us seemed to rouse her, but not to think of herself; she begged me to go up to the King's carriage, to prevent any attempt at violence. I assured her that Lafayette was close to it, and that it was well protected; 'Besides,' added I, 'I cannot leave this carriage, which I have promised my friend Arundel to remain by, till you are safely arrived.' Did you ever see her blush? If not, you have no idea how it becomes her. Her face and neck were crimson, and she looked so very grave, that fearful I had done no good, I lost no time in saying that we had both agreed in fearing that those from whom she had already escaped once with so much difficulty, might recognize her and endeavour to complete their work, if they thought her unprotected. And

now, my dear fellow, if you are not already cured, here is a balsam that will set you to rights at once—what do you think she said? ‘Dear Mr. Arundel, how kind to think of me when he must be suffering so much himself!’—she did indeed—I am ready, if you wish it, to confirm my deposition upon oath. Not very flattering to me, by-the-by, who had announced myself as being one of the suggestors. But however, I am a friend *comme il y en à peu*. I let her believe my little improvisation; and to say the truth I was no loser, for she evidently considered me as a friend from that moment, and gave me a look occasionally that would have triumphed over any other man’s fidelity. As for me, I considered myself only as a sort of electrical conductor for the transmission of it to him it belonged to by right. In short, I did all I could to diminish the horrors of the journey to her; and though she was looking pale and tired when we got to the Tuilleries, I trust she will not suffer from it. What can her father have been thinking of, when he allowed so young, so innocent a being to be attached to such a court as ours? However, that is his business, not ours—at least not mine. I told her I was going to write to you to-day, and she desired me to assure you of her eternal

gratitude. There is a word for you from such lips. To say the truth, I am delighted you were laid up, and not able to accompany us; it would have been too painful for you. It has left upon my mind an impression I shall not easily get over, though I try not to think of it. Let me hear how you are going on, and when you expect to get out. What do you think of poor old Monsieur de La Salle walking the whole way with his hand on the door of the King's carriage?

“Tout à vous,

“ADOLPHE.”

The perusal of this letter filled Arundel with mixed sensations of pain and pleasure, but it increased his desire to be freed from the restraints of a sick couch. His convalescence went on favourably, though not so rapidly as he wished; in the course of ten days, however, he was pronounced to be in a state to go out without danger, although he saw himself condemned to wear his arm in a sling for some time to come.

During this interval he had several conferences with Mirabeau, the object of which was to make him completely master of the plans to be proposed, and to give him the necessary instructions for his negotiations with the court. Each succeed-

ing conversation filled him with greater astonishment and admiration for the talents of the wonderful man with whom he was thus brought into such close contact, and who now seemed to have sincerely adopted a fixed and irreproachable line of conduct. At length, the long wished-for moment arrived when he was to leave Versailles, —a few days before the National Assembly, who had decreed that they were inseparable from the King, and were making preparations to follow him to Paris. In the meantime, Mirabeau made arrangements for a regular and direct communication with his ambassador.

END OF VOL. I.

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